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THE OLD FISH-POND.

GREEN growths of mosses drip and bead
Around the granite brink;
And 'twixt the isles of water-weed
The wood-birds dip and drink;

Slow efts about the edges sleep;
Swift-darting water-flies
Shoot on the surface; down the deep
Dark fishes gloom and rise.

Who knows what lurks beneath the tide?
Who knows what tale? Belike
Those "antres vast" and shadows hide
Some patriarchal pike —

Some tough old tyrant, wrinkled-jawed,
For whom the sky, the earth,
Have but for aim to look on awed,
And watch him wax in girth —

Hard monarch there, by right of might,
An ageless autocrat,
Whose "good old rule" is "Appetite,
And subjects fresh and fat;"

While they — poor things — in wan despair
Still hope for years in him,
And, dying, hand from heir to heir
"The day undawned and dim,

When the pond's terror too must go;
Or, creeping in by stealth,
A bolder race, at one fell blow,
Shall found a commonwealth.

Who knows? Meanwhile the mosses bead
Around the granite brink,
And 'twixt the isles of water-weed
The wood-birds dip and drink.

Good Words.

THE SMILE AND THE SIGH.

A LOVELY smile, which smiled in sadness,
Once hailed upon the passing breeze
A new-born sigh, which sighed in gladness
To give a restless mortal ease.

The smile and sigh soon formed a union —
A union everlasting, blest —
Whereby, in brotherly communion,
Each worked to give the other rest.

Thus, mutually their toils relieving,
They lived in peaceful light and shade;
No petty jealousies conceiving,
Of nought, not even death, afraid.

And when, with friendship still unbroken,
Fate caused them for a time to part,
Each of the other kept a token,
To prove the two were one at heart.

For, smiling, the sigh to Heaven was carried
On angels' golden wings one day,
While, sighing, the smile on earth still tarried,
And lent its charm to lifeless clay.

Till then, this world was often dreary,
But *since* then (so the legend saith),
Death's sigh gives life unto the weary,
Life's smile itself illumines death.

Macmillan's Magazine.

MY SWEETHEART.

Do you know my sweetheart, sir?
She has fled and gone away.
I've lost my love; pray tell to me
Have you seen her pass to-day?

Dewy bluebells are her eyes;
Golden corn her waving hair;
Her cheeks are of the sweet blush-roses;
Have you seen this maiden fair?

White lilies are her neck, sir;
And her breath the eglantine;
Her rosy lips the red carnations;
Such is she, this maiden mine.

The light wind is her laughter;
The murmuring brooks her song;
Her tears, so full of tender pity,
In the clouds are borne along.

The sunbeams are her smiles;
The leaves her footsteps light;
To kiss each coy flower into life
Is my true love's delight.

I will tell ye who she is,
And how all things become her.
Bend down, that I may whisper,
My sweetheart's name is — "Summer."
Chambers' Journal. T. P.

A CONCEIT.

O, SWEET and true, I hold your little hand,
And gaze down into eyes so bright and clear,
They seem to hold the summer's radiance,
grand
With all the golden promise of the year.

I see in them the rest that winter gave,
And bud and blossom of the glorious spring,
The shimmering light where summer cornfields
wave,
And autumn's stores that will such gladness
bring.

How can I see all these, you ask? Ah, sweet,
Love holds for us all life can give to prize;
It makes its glory rounded and complete,
And love for me I see, dear, in your eyes.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE SCIENTIFIC MOVEMENT AND LITERATURE.

ANY inquiry at the present day into the relations of modern scientific thought with literature must in great part be guided by hints, signs, and presages. The time has not yet come when it may be possible to perceive in complete outline the significance of science for the imagination and the emotions of men, but that the significance is large and deep we cannot doubt. Literature proper, indeed, the literature of *power*, as De Quincey named it, in distinction from the literature of *knowledge*, may, from one point of view, be described as essentially non-scientific, and even anti-scientific. To ascertain and communicate facts is the object of science; to quicken our life into a higher consciousness through the feelings is the function of art. But though knowing and feeling are not identical, and a fact expressed in terms of feeling affects us as other than the same fact expressed in terms of knowing, yet our emotions rest on and are controlled by our knowledge. Whatever modifies our intellectual conceptions powerfully, in due time affects art powerfully. With its exquisite sensibilities, indifferent to nothing far off or near which can exalt a joy, or render pain more keen or prolonged, art is aroused by every discovery of new fact, every modification of old theory, which in open or occult ways can enter into connection with human emotion.

If, then, our views of external nature, of man, his past history, his possible future, — if our conceptions of God and his relation to the universe are being profoundly modified by science, it may be taken for certain that art must in due time put itself in harmony with the altered conceptions of the intellect. A great poet is great, and possesses a sway over the spirits of men, because he has perceived vividly and received powerful impressions from some of the chief facts of the world and the main issues of life. He is, therefore, deeply concerned about truth, and in his own fashion is a seeker for truth. When, in an age of incoherent systems and dissolving faiths, artists devote themselves, as they say, to art for art's sake, and their

ideal of beauty ceases to be the emanation or irradiated form of justice, of charity, and of truth, it is because in such a period no great art is possible, and art works, as Comte has well said, only "to keep its own high order of faculties from atrophy and oblivion:" —

There tiny pleasures occupy the place
Of glories and of duties, as the feet
Of fabled fairies, when the sun goes down,
Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by
day.*

Persons who are exclusively intellectual, and have no feeling for art, often seem to suppose that while science delights in what is clear and definite, poetry and art delight in what is vague and dim; that these things, so agreeable to a class of gentle lunatics, are a certain preserved extract of moonshine and mist; and it is somewhat ludicrous to take note of the generous and condescending admissions in favor of a refining influence of poetry which are ordinarily made by such hard-headed persons. "I do not know what poetical is; is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?" So Audrey questions, and Touchstone answers with a twinkle of pleasure (being in luck to find such a chance of gracious fooling), "No truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning." However this may be, whether we agree or not with Jeremy Bentham and Touchstone that "all poetry is misrepresentation," it is certain that the greatest poets love comprehensiveness, and definiteness in their conceptions. The measureless value, set by every great artist upon execution favors this tendency. Intense vision renders precise and definite whatever is capable of becoming so, and leaves vague only that which is vague in its very nature. "The great and golden rule of art as well as of life," wrote William Blake, "is this — that the more distinct, sharp, and wiry the bounding-line, the more perfect the work of art; and the less keen and sharp, the greater is the evidence of weak imitation, plagiarism, and bungling. Great inventors in all ages knew this. . . . Raphael and Michael Angelo and Albert Dürer are known by this, and this alone."

* Landor's lines, descriptive of the debasement of a land or time which freedom does not ennoble.

Apt illustrations of the artist's love of definite conceptions are afforded by the great epic of mediæval Catholicism, and by the great epic of the Puritan poet of England. There is not a rood of Dante's wonderful journey which we might not lay down as upon a map. The deepest anguish, the most mystical ecstasy of love, repose on a kind of geometry. Precisely in the centre of the universe abides the earth; precisely in the midst of the hemisphere of land is placed Jerusalem. Hell descends through its circles, with their rings and pits, to that point, exactly below Jerusalem, where Lucifer emerging from the ice grinds between his teeth the traitors against Christ and against the emperor. As the precise antipodes to the inhabitants of Jerusalem climb from terrace to terrace the wayfarers upon the Purgatorial mount. Precisely above the mount, beyond the planetary heavens and the crystalline sphere, in the mid-point of the rose of the blessed, is the centre of the lake of the light of God; and yet higher, circled by the nine angelic orders, dwells God himself, the uncreated and infinite. Everything is conceived with perfect definiteness, and everything cosmical sub-serves the theology and ethics of the poem. God is not in immediate relation with our earth; there is a stupendous hierarchy through which the divine power is transmitted. Seraphim draw Godwards the cherubim, the cherubim draw the thrones, and each angelic order imparts its motion to the earth-encircling sphere which is correspondent to its influence. Such a poem could not have been written in an age when a divorce existed between the reason and the imagination. It is a harmony of philosophy, physics, and poetry. In it the mystical ardor of St. Bonaventura, the sobriety and precision of St. Thomas Aquinas, quicken, sustain, and regulate the flight of the great poet's imagination.

Milton was less fortunate than Dante. We are presented in Milton's case, as his most recent editor notes, "with the interesting phenomenon of a mind apparently uncertain to the last which of the two systems, the Ptolemaic or the Copernican, was the true one, or perhaps beginning to

be persuaded of the higher probability of the Copernican, but yet retaining the Ptolemaic for poetical purposes." Two passages — one a long passage, where the subject is discussed in detail by Adam and the affable archangel — were deliberately inserted by Milton "to relieve his own mind on the subject, and by way of caution to the reader that the scheme of the physical universe, actually adopted in the construction of the poem, needed not to be taken as more than a hypothesis for the imagination." * Milton's serious concern about scientific truth, and Milton's demand for imaginative distinctness and definiteness, are alike apparent. The Copernican astronomy was already possessing itself of the intellect of the time, but the imagination was as yet too little familiar with it to permit of Milton's accepting it as the foundation of his poetical scheme of things. He, like Dante, needed a strong framework for the wonder and beauty of his poem. Infinite space, bounded for the convenience of our imagination into a circle, is equally divided between heaven and chaos. Satan and his angelic followers rebel; the Messiah rides against them in his chariot; heaven's crystal wall rolls inwards, and the rebel spirits are driven down to that nether segment of chaos prepared for them, which is hell. Forthwith advances from heaven the Son of God, entering the wild of chaos on his creative errand. He marks with golden compasses the bounds of the world or starry universe, which hangs pendent

in bigness like a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.

Over its dark outside sweep the blustering winds of chaos; within, wheels orb encircling orb, and in its midst the centre of the starry universe, our little earth, is fixed. In this scheme there is united an astronomical system, now obsolete, with conceptions which the poet made use of not as scientifically but as symbolically true.

These illustrations of the desire felt by great artists for imaginative clearness and definiteness have led us in the direction of

* Milton's Poetical Works, edited by David Masson, vol. i., pp. 92, 93.

one side of our more proper subject, and we might naturally now go on to ask, How have the alterations in our cosmical conceptions effected by science manifested themselves in literature? But a difficulty suggests itself which it may be worth while to consider. As regards external nature, the materials for the poet's and artist's use are given by the senses, and no scientific truth, no discovery of the intellect, can effect any alteration in the appearance of things, in which lies the truth for the senses. However the Copernican theory may have been verified, still to our eyes each morning the sun rises over the eastern hills, each evening our eyes behold him sinking down the west. So it has been from the first, so it must be to the end. No one of course will question that the appearances of things as presented by the senses remain, if not absolutely yet for the most part constant, and are unaffected by the rectification by science of our mode of conceiving them. But from the first the mere visible presentation was associated with an ideal element. For the eye confers as well as receives, and the vision of the world to a man and to a monkey must differ, whether or not the structure of the crystalline lens and the optic nerve be identical in the two. There is an ideal element, an invisible element which unites itself to our perceptions, and while the element which may be called the material one remains constant, this ideal element is subject to continual variation and development. If our unrecited senses give seeming testimony to anything, it is to the fixity of the solid earth beneath our feet. But the knowledge that its motionlessness is only apparent leaves scope for the play of the ideal element derived from the conception of its ceaseless revolution, its stupendous whirl; and the imagination by its unifying power can bring together the two apparently antagonistic elements—the seeming testimony of the senses, and its correction by the intellect—and can make both subservient to the purposes of the heart.

Let us take illustrations, slight and in small compass, yet sufficient to exemplify the process which has been described.

Mr. Tennyson imagines a lover on the eve of his marriage-day. It is a slow-waning evening of summer. All nature seems to share in his calm plenitude of joy. Yet the ultimate fruition is not attained; still a short way forward lies the culmination. Joy is like a wave which has one glassy ascent and blissful fall to make before it is perfected. What if that wave were suddenly frozen by some icy wind, and fixed in mockery just short of its be-all and end-all? The idea of advance, of motion calm and sustained, is demanded by the imagination, and this motion must be common to the individual human creature, and to the world of which he is a part. And the whole world *is* in effect calmly revolving into day:—

Move eastward, happy earth, and leave
Yon orange sunset waning slow:
From fringes of the faded eve,
O happy planet, eastward go;
Till over thy dark shoulder glow
Thy silver sister world, and rise
To glass herself in dewy eyes
That watch me from the glen below.

Ah, bear me with thee, smoothly borne,
Dip forward under starry light,
And move me to my marriage morn,
And round again to happy night.

One more example of the perfect use by the imagination, for the service of the feelings, of a suggestion of science. Again, it is the conception of the revolving earth, with its unceasing monotony of motion, which asserts a power to exalt and vivify human passion. But now instead of the mystery of life, and the calm of the climbing wave of joy, we are in presence of the imperious suspension of death, the obstruction and sterility of the grave. A spirit and a woman has become a clod. She who had been a motion and a breeze is one with the inert brute-matter of the globe, and as the earth whirls everlastingly, she too is whirled by a blind and passionless force:—

A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears;
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
 She neither hears nor sees;
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
 With rocks, and stones, and trees.

These are petty illustrations in comparison with the extent of the subject, but they suffice to show that what we perceive, or immediately infer from our sensations, is capable of receiving modifications, or of being wholly replaced by an ideal conception. To a child in a railway carriage the trees appear to move rapidly past him; gradually the illusion submits to the correcting influence of ascertained fact; and at last it becomes difficult to enter again, even though an effort be made to do so, into the naïve error of the eye.*

But, beside the modification or replacement of our perceptions through the presence of an ideal element, the cosmical ideas of modern science have in themselves an independent value for the imagination. Four particulars of these may be mentioned as especially important in their dealing with the imagination, which, when taken together, have as enlarging and renewing a power as probably any conception of things material can have with the spirit of man. First, the vastness of the universe, and of the agencies at work in it; secondly, the idea of law; thirdly, the idea of *ensemble*; last, the ultimate of known ultimates is *force*.

The idea of mere physical vastness may appear at first sight to be a very barren possession for the human soul; but in reality it is not barren. We are conscious of a liberating and dilating emotion when we pass from channels and narrow seas into the space and roll of the Atlantic, or when we leave our suburban paddock, with its neat walks and trim flower-beds, and wade in a sea of heather upon the hills. Mr. Mill, looking back upon his visit in childhood to Ford Abbey in Devonshire, writes in his autobiography, "This sojourn was, I think, an important circumstance in my education. Nothing contributes more to nourish elevation of sentiments in a people than the large and free character of their habitations." And assuredly, for one whose sanity of mind is not impaired, his habitation among these revolving worlds has a large and free character, and is fitted to nourish elevation of sentiments. The starry heaven, so deep and pure, beheld while the trivial in-

cidents and accidents of our earth revealed by the daylight are absent, and the silence seems to expand over a vast space — this must always have been an object of awed contemplation. But a measure of the distance traversed by the human mind may be obtained by attempting once more really to submit the imagination to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. Under Dante's planetary spheres we move with some discomfort, we have flown in thought so freely and so far. The universe as arranged by the mediæval poet is indeed skilfully contrived, but the whole thing looks somewhat like an ingenious toy. For vast massing of light and darkness "Paradise Lost" can hardly be surpassed. While Milton's outward eye was active, it was charmed by the details of the sweet English landscape about Horton; when the drop serene had quenched his light, then the deep distances of the empyrean, of eternal night, and of chaos opened before him. But it is for spirit that Milton reserves all that is greatest in the ideas of force and motion. He is still, in the main, mediæval in his conception of the material cosmos. It needed for masters a Galileo, a Kepler, a Newton, to liberate and sustain the imagination for such a flight, so pauseless, so passionate, as that of the revolvers against Deity, in Byron's dramatic mystery, among the innumerable fair revolving worlds: —

O thou beautiful
 And unimaginable ether! and
 Ye multiplying masses of increased
 And still increasing lights! what are ye? What
 Is this blue wilderness of interminable
 Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen
 The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden?
 Is your course measured for ye? Or do ye
 Sweep on in your unbounded revelry
 Through an aerial universe of endless
 Expansion — at which my soul aches to think —
 Intoxicated with eternity?
 O God! O gods, or whatsoever ye are,
 How beautiful ye are! how beautiful
 Your works, or accidents; or whatsoever
 They may be! Let me die, as atoms die
 (If that they die), or know ye in your might
 And knowledge! My thoughts are not in this
 hour
 Unworthy what I see, though my dust is;
 Spirit, let me expire, or see them nearer!
Lucifer. Art thou not nearer? look back to
 thine earth!
Cain. Where is it? I see nothing save a
 mass
 Of most innumerable lights.
Lucifer. Look there!
Cain. I cannot see it.
Lucifer. Yet it sparkles still.
Cain. That! — yonder!

* Some considerations of interest closely related with the foregoing, will be found in Oersted's "The Soul in Nature," under the headings "The Comprehension of Nature by Thought and Imagination," and "The Relation between Natural Science and Poetry."

Lucifer. *Alas! Yea.*

Cain. And wilt thou tell me so
Why, I have seen the fire-flies and fire-worms
Sprinkle the dusky groves and the green banks
In the dim twilight brighter than yon world
Which bears them.

The displacement of the earth from the centre of the universe, and its being launched into space as one of the least important of its brother wanderers around the sun, was followed by consequences for theology and morals as well as for poetry. The Church was right in her presentiment of a reformation, as alarming as that of Luther, about to be effected by science. The infallible authority of the Holy See was to be encountered by the infallible authority of the astronomer and his telescope; a new order of prophets, suitable to the West as the old prophets had been to the East, was about to arise, prophets who would speak what was given to them by observation and valid inference. And they declared—and men of the Renaissance listened gladly—that the legend was false which represented our earth as the centre of the spheres, and as the criminal who had destroyed the harmony of the worlds. The earth had heretofore possessed a supremacy over the stars which were set in heaven above her for signs and for seasons, but that supremacy had become one of misery and of shame; the terrestrial was corruptible, the celestial was incorruptible; a day was not far distant when the doom brought upon creation by the great traitor would come upon it. Now it was found that the earth was no leader of the starry choir who had marred the music, but was indeed a singer in the glorious chant of energy and life; the heaven and the earth were fraternally united; terrestrial and celestial alike were subject to change; the whole universe was ever in process of becoming.* “The study of astrology,” Mr. Leckie has said, “may perhaps be regarded as one of the last struggles of human egotism against the depressing sense of insignificance which the immensity of the universe must produce. And certainly,” he goes on, “it would be difficult to conceive any conception more calculated to exalt the dignity of man than one which represents the career of each individual as linked with the march of worlds, the focus towards which the most sublime of created things continually converge.” It may be questioned whether man’s dignity is not really

more exalted by conceiving him as part—a real though so small a part—of a great cosmos, infinitely greater than he, than by placing him as king upon the throne of creation. For all creation dwarfs itself and becomes grotesque, as happens in the systems of astrology, to obey and flatter such a monarch. He who is born under Mars will be “good to be a barbour and a blode letter, and to draw tette.” In the temple of the god in Chaucer’s “Knight’s Tale,” the poet sees

The sowe freten the child right in the cradel;
The cook i-skalded, for al his longe ladel.

If man be made the measure of the universe, the universe becomes a parish in which all the occupants are interested in each petty scandal. Who would not choose to be citizen of a nobly-ordered commonwealth rather than to be lord of a petty clan?

Add to the conception of the vastness of the universe the idea of the unchanging uniformities, the regularity of sequence, the same consequents forever following the same antecedents, the universal presence of law. Endless variety, infinite complexity, yet through all an order. To understand what appearance the world would present to the imagination of a people who gave law as small a place, and irregularity as large a place, as possible in their poetical conceptions of the universe, we have but to turn to the “Arabian Nights.” The God of Islam was wholly out of and above the world, and a belief in destiny was strangely united with the presence of caprice, marvel, and surprise in nature. The presence of law is to be found in the “Arabian Nights” only in the perfect uniformity with which Shahrazád takes up her tale of marvel each night, and each night breaks it off in the midst. Whether a date-stone will produce a date, or will summon up a gigantic ‘efreet, whether a fish upon the frying-pan will submit to be fried, or will lift his head from the pan and address his cook, is entirely beyond the possibility of prediction. Nature is a kind of Alhambra, “a brilliant dream, a caprice of the genii, who have made their sport with the network of stone,” with the fantastic arabesques, the fringes, the flying lines. Neither variety without unity, nor unity without variety, can content the imagination which is at one with the reason. The sole poet of our Western civilization who possessed a true synthetic genius in science, together with the artistic genius in its highest form—Goethe—represents in a well-known pas-

* See an interesting chapter on “*L’Eglise Romaine et la Science*,” in Edgar Quinet’s “*L’Ultramontanisme*.”

sage the spirit of the earth plying with ceaseless energy, with infinite complexity of action, yet to one harmonious result, the shuttles which we call causes, to weave the web of what we call effects; this is the true vision of the world to modern eyes:—

In the tides of life, in Action's storm,
A fluctuant wave,
A shuttle free,
Birth and the grave,
An eternal sea,
A weaving, flowing
Life, all a-glowing,

Thus at time's humming loom 'tis my hand
prepares
The garment of life which the Deity wears.

This conception of a reign of law, amid which and under which we live, affects the emotions in various ways—at times it may cause despondency, but again it will correct this despondency and sustain the heart; now the tragical aspect will impress us of human will and passion contending with the great *ἀνάγκη* of the order of things, and again we shall more and more find occasion for joy and triumph in the co-operancy of the energies of humanity with those of their giant kindred, light, and motion, and heat, and electricity, and chemical affinity. Nor is this all: the recognition of the moral order to which we belong cannot but produce in any mind that dwells upon it an emotion which would be intense if it were not so massive, and of the nature of mysticism were it not in the highest degree inspired by reason.

But not only is nature everywhere constant, uniform, orderly in its operations; all its parts constitute a whole, an *ensemble*. Nothing is added; nothing can be lost. Our earth is no alien planet wandering nightwards to a destruction reserved for it alone. We look forth. "The moon approaches the earth by the same law that a stone falls to the ground. The spectrum of the sunbeam reveals the existence in the sun of the same metals and gases that we know on earth; nay, the distant fixed stars, the cloudy nebulae, and the fleecy comet show the same. We watch the double stars, and find them circling round each other by the same law which regulates our solar planets. We are led irresistibly to conclude that the same consensus which we feel on earth reigns beyond the earth. . . . Everywhere throughout the universe—thus runs the speculation of science—organic or inorganic, lifeless or living, vegetable or animal, intellectual or moral, on earth or in the

unknown and unimaginable life in the glittering worlds we gaze at with awe and delight, there is a consensus of action, an agreement, a oneness."* And what is the poet's confession? That the life of the least blossom in the most barren crevice is a portion of the great totality of being, that its roots are intertangled with the roots of humanity, that to give a full account of it would require a complete science of man, and a complete theology:—

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

But perhaps no poetry expresses the cosmical feeling for nature, incarnated by a myth of the imagination in the language of human passion, more wonderfully than the lyric dialogue which leads on to its close the last act of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." The poet does not here gaze with awe at the mystery of life in a tiny blossom, although that too opens into the infinite; it is the great lovers, the earth and his paramour the moon, who celebrate their joy. The Titan has been at last delivered from the chain and the winged hounds of Jupiter. The benefactor of mankind is free, and the day of the doom and death of tyranny is arrived. But it is not humanity alone which shall rejoice: the life of nature and the passion of man embrace with a genial vehemence:—

The Earth. I spin beneath my pyramid of
night,
Which points unto the heavens—dreaming
delight,
Murmuring victorious joy in my enchanted
sleep;
As a youth lulled in love-dreams faintly
sighing,
Under the shadow of his beauty lying,
Which round his rest a watch of light and
warmth doth keep.

The Moon. As in the soft and sweet eclipse,
When soul meets soul on lovers' lips,
High hearts are calm, and brightest eyes are
dull
So, when thy shadow falls on me,
Then am I mute and still, by thee
Covered; of thy love, orb most beautiful,
Full, oh! too full!

Such poetry as this is indeed what Wordsworth declared true poetry to be—the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science.†

* A. J. Ellis: *Speculation*, a Discourse, p. 40.

† Preface to the second edition of "Lyrical Ballads."

All that can thus be gained by the imagination from true science, the imagination may appropriate and vivify for the heart of man, free from the fear that matter is about to encroach upon us on every quarter and engulf the soul. What is matter? and what is spirit? are questions which are alike unanswerable. Motion and thought, however they may be related as two sides or aspects of a single fact, must forever remain incapable of identification with one another. When we have reduced to the simplest elements our conceptions of matter and of motion, we are at last brought back to force, the ultimate datum of consciousness; "and thus the force by which we ourselves produce changes, and which serves to symbolize the cause of changes in general, is the final disclosure of analysis." The exclamation of Teufelsdröckh in his moment of mystic elevation, "Force, force, everywhere force; we ourselves a mysterious force in the centre of that," is but an anticipation of the last result of scientific thought. And when Teufelsdröckh, in scorn of the pride of intellect which would banish mystery from the world and worship from the soul of man — when Teufelsdröckh declares, "The man who cannot wonder (and worship), were he president of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried the whole '*Mécanique Céleste*,' and Hegel's '*Philosophy*,' and the epitome of all laboratories and observatories with their results, in his single head, is but a pair of spectacles behind which there is no eye. Let those who have eyes look through him, then he may be useful;" what is this but an assertion, justified by the most careful analysis, that the highest truth of science and the highest truth of religion are one, and are both found in the consciousness of an inscrutable power manifested to us through all external phenomena, and through our own intellect, affections, conscience, and will? *

Such passages as have been quoted from Byron and Goethe and Shelley make clear to us what kind of scientific inquiry and scientific result is fruitful for the feelings and imaginations of men. Not the details of the specialist, but large *vues d'ensemble*. The former may help to produce such elaborated pseudo-poetry as part of Fletcher's "Purple Island" or

Darwin's "Botanic Garden," in which the analytic intellect tricks itself out with spangles of supposed poetical imagery and diction, looking in the end as grotesque as a skeleton bedizened for a ball-room. But the large *vues d'ensemble* arouse and free, and pass rapidly from the intellect to the emotions, the moral nature, and the imagination.

If the bounds of space have receded, and our place has been assigned to us in the great commonwealth of which we are members, the bounds of time have receded also; we have found our deep bond of relationship with all the past, and a vista for hopes, sober but well-assured, has been opened in the future. To trace one's ancestry to Adam is to confess oneself a *parvenu*; our cousin the gorilla has a longer family tree to boast. Six thousand years! — why, a fox could hardly trim his tail and become a dog in so brief a period. We are like voyagers upon a stream of which we had read accurate accounts in our geographies; it rose, we were told, a short way above the last river-bend; it is abruptly stopped just beyond the approaching bluff. But now we ascertain that the waters have come from some mysterious source among strange mountains a thousand leagues away, and we are well assured that they will descend a thousand miles before they hear the voice of that mysterious sea in which they must be lost. Shall we, upon the breast of the waters, not feel a solemn awe, a solemn hope, when we meditate upon the mighty past and muse of the great future? Shall we not bend our ear to catch among the ripples each whisper of the former things? Shall we not gaze forward with wistful eyes to see the wonders of the widening shores? And do we not feel with quickening consciousness from hour to hour the stronger flow and weightier mass of the descending torrent?

The vaster geological periods have made the period of human existence on the globe — vast as that is — seem of short duration. What is remote becomes near. We do not now waste our hearts in regret for an imaginary age of gold; we find a genuine pathos in the hard, rude lives, the narrow bounds of knowledge, the primitive desires, the undeveloped awes and fears and shames, of our remote ancestors, who, by their aspiring effort, shaped for us our fortunes. We almost join hands with them across the centuries. The ripples have hardly yet left the lake where some dweller upon piles dropped by chance his stone hatchet. The fire in

For a stupendous example of the use made by poetry of the cosimical feeling for nature, see in Victor Hugo's new series of "*La Légende des Siècles*," the concluding poem, entitled "*Adieu*."

* Need I refer the reader to Mr. Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," for a full exposition of these thoughts?

the troglodyte's cave is not quite extinct. We hear the hiss in the milk-pail of some Aryan daughter, who may perhaps have had a curious likeness to our grandmother by Gainsborough. We still repeat the words of that perplexed progenitor who learned in dreams that his dead chieftain was not all extinct, nor have we yet satisfactorily solved his puzzle. When one sits in summer, in a glare which bewilders the brain, beside the bathing-machines, and watches the children in knickerbockers and tunics engaged with their primitive architecture, which the next tide will wash away, one falls into a half-dream, and wakes in alarm lest a horde of lean and fierce-eyed men and women may suddenly rush shorewards for their gorge of shell-fish, and in their orgasm of hunger may but too gladly lick up and swallow our babies! Forlorn and much-tried progenitors, wild human scarecrows on our bleak northern shores, we are no undutiful sons; we acknowledge our kinship; and in your craving for an unattainable oyster we recognize our own passion for the ideal; and in your torpid sullenness, when only shells were found, our own keener *Welt-Schmerz* and philosophies of despair!

In the history of the past of our globe, and the remote history of the human race, what are the chief inspiring ideas for literature? One, which is perhaps the most important idea of the scientific movement, receives here a striking illustration—the idea of the relative as opposed to the absolute; secondly, we may note the idea of heredity; thirdly, the idea of human progress, itself subordinate to the more comprehensive doctrine of evolution.

The general conclusion that all human knowledge is relative may be deduced from the very nature of our intelligence. But beside the analytic proof that our cognitions never can be absolute, there is the subordinate historical evidence that as a fact they never have been such. Now, more than at any former time, we are impressed with a sense that the thought, the feeling, and the action of each period of history becomes intelligible only through a special reference to that period. Hence it is our primary object with regard to the past, not to oppose, not to defend, but to understand. Hence we shall look upon any factitious attempt to revive and restore the past as necessarily impotent, and of transitory significance. Hence we shall abstain from setting up absolute standards, and from pronouncing things good or evil in proportion as they approach or fall short of such standards. A new school of his-

torians, a new school of critics, have applied in many and various directions this idea of historical relativity. Nor has it failed to exert an influence upon recent poetry. Mr. Leslie Stephen has remarked that the contempt for the past, characteristic of many eighteenth-century thinkers, was a necessary stage in the progress of thought. When the breach with authority had taken place, it was at first natural that men should maintain their position of superiority by a vigorous denial of the claims of their predecessors. "Whatever was old was absurd, and 'Gothic,' an epithet applied to all mediæval art, philosophy, or social order, became a simple term of contempt. Though the sentiment may strike us as narrow-minded, it at least implied a distinct recognition of a difference between past and present. In simpler times, people imagined their forefathers to be made in their own likeness, and naïvely transferred the customs of chivalry to the classical or Hebrew histories. To realize the fact that the eighteenth century differed materially from the eighth, was a necessary step towards the modern theory of progressive development."* The spirit of antiquarian research revived in the second half of the last century. Uniting with the historical spirit and a masculine force of imagination, it produced the romanticism of Scott. Uniting with the sentimental movement in Germany, it produced the romanticism of Tieck, Novalis, and Fouqué. From contempt for the Middle Ages, men passed into an exaggerated, fantastic devotion to whatever was, or was supposed to be, mediæval. Now, at length, we would approach the past neither as iconoclasts nor idolaters, but as scientific observers; we are not eager to applaud or revile before we understand; we do not for a moment desert our own place in our own century, but we have trained our imagination to employ itself in the service of history. Among critics of literature and art, M. Taine, without himself possessing a delicate and flexible intelligence, has come prominently forward as the exponent of the æsthetics of the relative, in opposition to absolute systems of æsthetics, which absolve or condemn in accordance with standards conceived as invariable for all places and all times. Since the appearance of M. Taine's lectures on art, we have begun to suffer from a kind of critical cant drawn from science, and replacing the critical

* English Thought in the Eighteenth Century, vol. ii., p. 445.

cant drawn from transcendental philosophy. If we are not so largely afflicted by the ideal, the beautiful, the sublime, we could be content, perhaps, to hear a little less about the "organism" and its "environment." It is not sufficiently remembered that if we cannot attain to absolute standards of beauty, yet we can approximate to a standard in harmony with what, in every race and clime in which man has attained his normal development, has been highest in man. M. Taine, indeed, himself essayed to establish a scientific theory of the ideal, and happily forgot his early impartiality. We may, by a generous effort of imaginative sympathy, come to appreciate the feelings which would rise in the bosom of a South African upon sight of the Hottentot Venus; but we must return to the abiding conviction that the Venus of Melos is in truer accord with the sense of beauty in man, although, upon testing our opinion by count of heads, we were to appear in a minority of one.

In harmony with this feeling for the historically relative, and also with the idea of progress allowing as it does a right to its own place to each portion of the past, a poetry has appeared which, while remaining truly poetry, partakes of the critical, we might almost say the scientific, spirit with reference to past developments of the race, remote civilizations, and extinct religious faiths. The romantic poetry, to which things mediæval were so interesting, has thus been taken in and enclosed by a poetry which thinks nothing alien that is human, and interests itself in every age and every land, constituting thus a kind of imaginative criticism of religions, races, and civilizations. This direction in contemporary art is represented by the poet, excepting Victor Hugo, of highest distinction in France—Leconte de Lisle. His poetry, for the most part strictly objective, is not simply and frankly objective like the poetry of Scott, but rather sets itself down before some chosen object to make a complete imaginative study of it. Such poetry as this is not indicative of a retreat or recoil from our own time, as was the poetry of sentimental mediævalism; it is animated by an essentially modern motive.

The idea of transmission or heredity, over and above its purely scientific significance, has a significance in connection with morals which is of greater importance than any immediate value it has for the imagination. And yet this idea has been made a leading motive in a dramatic poem by a living writer, who unites the

passion of a seeker for truth with the creative genius of a great artist. The central thought of "The Spanish Gipsy" has been so faithfully expressed by Mr. R. H. Hutton, in his admirable criticism of George Eliot, that we need not go beyond his words:—

If I may venture to interpret so great a writer's thought, I should say that "The Spanish Gipsy" is written to illustrate not merely doubly and trebly, but from four or five distinct points of view, how the inheritance of the definite streams of impulse and tradition stored up in what we call race often puts a tragic veto upon any attempt of spontaneous individual emotion or volition to ignore or defy their control, and to emancipate itself from the tyranny of their disputable and apparently cruel rule. You can see the influence of the recent Darwinian doctrines, so far as they are applicable to all to moral characteristics and causes, in almost every page of the poem. How the threads of hereditary capacity and hereditary sentiment control, as with invisible cords, the orbits of even the most powerful characters, how the fracture of those threads, so far as it can be accomplished by mere *will*, may have even a greater effect in wrecking character than moral degeneracy would itself produce; how the man who trusts and uses the hereditary forces which natural descent has bestowed upon him becomes a might and a centre in the world, while the man, perhaps intrinsically the nobler, who dissipates his strength by trying to swim against the stream of his past is neutralized and paralyzed by the vain effort; again, how a divided past, a past not really homogeneous, may weaken this kind of power, instead of strengthening it by the command of a larger experience—all this George Eliot's poem paints with a tragical force that answers to Aristotle's definition of tragedy, that which "purifies" by pity and by fear.*

But if the stream of tendency descends to us with imperious force from remote regions, it advances broadening into the future. The idea of human progress has been so generative an idea in science, in historical literature, in politics, in poetry, that to indicate its leading developments would need very ample space. It is true that we anticipate a time when this earth will roll blind and cold around the sun, and all life upon our globe will be extinct. And the thought can hardly be other than a mournful one, calling for some stoical courage, to those persons whose creed it is that we are without warrant for believing that anything higher than humanity

* Essays, vol. iii, pp. 348, 349. The idea of heredity has been made a motive in art, with closer reference to physiology, by the American poet and novelist, Dr. O. W. Holmes.

exists. If it were ascertained that a century hence the British nation would be utterly destroyed by calamitous overthrow, we might still resolve to help our nation to live nobly and perish heroically; but the enthusiasm would be stern rather than joyous. In the face of death, joy may remain for the individual through sympathy with the advance of his fellows, and in the thought that his deeds will live when he is himself resolved into nothingness. But how if the advance of humanity lead only to a dark pit of annihilation, and for humanity itself annihilation be attended by oblivion, and not even a subjective immortality be possible? Is it a matter for rejoicing that every day brings us nearer to this, the goal of progress? Just when all has been attained, all is to be forfeited. We can train our tempers, if need be, to accept these things with equanimity; but can we celebrate with praise and joy this approaching consummation? Humanity flung into the grave, with no spices, no tender hands of mourners, no tears of loving remembrance, no friend nor even a foe, and never an Easter morning! Is such a vision of the future more elevating than are the tender myths of the past?

The idea of human progress — itself subordinate to the conception of evolution — is the only one of scientific ideas of comparatively recent date which has been long enough in the air to become a portion of the life of societies, and hence it alone has become a great inspiring force with literature. To trace the sources and the early movements of a philosophy of history, to follow its subsequent career from Bossuet to Buckle, would be an enterprise full of interest and of utility; and as far as France and England are concerned, this has been ably accomplished by Professor Flint. The popular imagination was scarcely affected by the idea of progress until toward the close of the eighteenth century, when a new millennium seemed to be inaugurated by the French Revolution. In English poetry it did not manifest itself powerfully until it became the inspiration of the writings of Shelley. And in Shelley's poetry the idea of progress appears as a glorious apparition rather than as a substantial reality; it appears like the witch in "Manfred" beneath the sun-bow of the torrent, and here the torrent is the French Revolution. For the idea of progress with Shelley was the revolutionary, not the scientific idea. Among the chief democratic writers of Europe — with Victor Hugo, George Sand, Lamen-

nais, Quinet, Michelet, Mazzini, and others — the idea has had something of the force of a new religion. And in some, at least, of these writers the passionate aspect of the revolutionary conception of progress associates itself with the sustaining and controlling power of the scientific idea. By Shelley and the revolutionary spirits a breach is made with the past — the world is to start afresh from 1789, or some other year one; before that date appear the monstrous forms of tyrannies and superstitions which "tare each other in their slime;" then of a sudden were born light and love, freedom and truth: —

This is the day which down the void abyss,
At the earth-born's spell, yawns for Heaven's
despotism,

And conquest is dragged captive through
the deep.

Love from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour

Of dread endurance, from the slippery steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony springs,
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Such is the revolutionary idea of progress. In English poetry the scientific idea hardly appears earlier than in Mr. Tennyson's writings, and certainly nowhere in English poetry does it obtain a more faithful and impressive rendering. Mr. Tennyson has none of the passion which makes the political enthusiast, none of the winged spiritual ardor which is proper to the poet of transcendentalism. But his poetry exhibits a well-balanced moral nature, strong human affections, and, added to these, such imaginative sympathy as a poet who is not himself capable of scientific thought may have with science, a delight in all that is nobly ordered, and a profound reverence for law. When dark fears assail him, and it is science that inspires and urges on such fears, Mr. Tennyson does not confront them, as Mr. Browning might, armed with the sword of the Spirit and the shield of faith, which that militant transcendental poet knows so well to put to use. Mr. Tennyson flies for refuge to the citadel of the heart: —

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And, like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up, and answered, "I have felt."

The idea of progress, which occupies so large a place in Mr. Tennyson's poetry, is more than non-revolutionary; it is even anti-revolutionary. His imagination dwells with a broad and tranquil pleasure upon whatever is justified by the intellect and the conscience, and continuously energetic

within determined bounds. If Mr. Browning had written an epic of Arthur, we can hardly doubt that he would have found a centre for his poem in the grail, which would never have been attained, not even by Galahad, but the very failure to attain which would have stimulated renewed effort and aspiration, and thus have proved the truest success. The quest for something perfect, divine, unattainable, or if attainable then unsatisfying, secures, in Mr. Browning's view, the highest gain which this life can yield to man. Mr. Tennyson brings into prominence the circumstance — found in his mediæval sources — that it is the rashly undertaken quest of the grail that "unsolders the noblest fellowship of knights," and brings in the flood of disaster. Dutiful activity in the sphere of the practical appears to Mr. Tennyson so much more needed by the world than to seek over-*soon* for a mystical vision of things divine. No true reformation was ever sudden; let us innovate like nature and like time. Men may rise to higher things, not on wings but on "stepping-stones of their dead selves." It is "from precedent to precedent" that freedom "slowly broadens down," not by extravagant outbursts of "the red fool-fury of the Seine." The growth of individual character, the growth of national well-being, the development of the entire human race from animality and primitive barbarism — each of these, if it be sound, cannot but be slow and gradual. It is our part to co-operate with the general progressive tendency of the race: —

Arise and fly

The reeling faun, the sensual feast ;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

Great sorrows, like the storms which blew upon our globe while in process of cooling, are a portion of the divine order, and fulfil their part in the gradual course of our development; such is the truth found, through pain and through endurance, in the "In Memoriam." Let science grow from more to more; let political organizations be carefully amended and improved; let man advance in self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, and so from decade to decade, from century to century, will draw nearer that "one far-off divine event, to which the whole creation moves."

With faith in the future equal to that of Mr. Tennyson, and a more loving attachment to the past, founded in part upon those tender, pathetic ties which make

imperfection dear, George Eliot, in her conception of human progress, is also anti-revolutionary. We advance from out of the past, but we bear with us a precious heritage. To suppose, as Shelley supposed, that we can move in this world by the light of reason alone, is a delusion of the revolution in its passionate scorn of foregone ages; we need the staff of tradition as well as the lamp of reason. What is our faith in the future but

the rushing and expanding stream
Of thought, of feeling fed by all the past?

What is our finest hope but finest memory? The conservative instincts of George Eliot as an artist have been nourished by the scientific doctrine with reference to the transmission of an inheritance accumulating through the generations of mankind. And for the very reason that she so profoundly reverences the past, she is inspired with a great presentiment of the future:—

Presentiment of better things on earth
Sweeps in with every force that stirs our souls
To admiration, self-renouncing love,
Or thoughts, like life, that bind the world in
one :

Sweeps like the sense of vastness, when at night

We hear the roll and dash of waves that break
Nearer and nearer with the rushing tide,
Which rises to the level of the cliff,
Because the wide Atlantic rolls behind
Throbbing resplendent to the far-off orbs.

A Parisian coterie of literary artists, whose art possessed no social feeling, and who took for their *drapeau* the words, "*L'art pour l'art*," found progress a piece of the boredom of *bourgeois* enthusiasm. It was natural, for in themselves there was nothing to create the presentiment of a future of glories and of duties. A silk-worm enclosed in the delicate cocoon it has spun is insensible to the winds of change, and probably has no very vivid anticipation of the little flutter of potential wings.

Mr. Tennyson's words, "move upward, working out the beast," suggest the inquiry whether the scientific movement has modified or is now modifying, our moral conceptions. If it be so, the altered point of view must be discoverable through the work of great artists, for there are few great artists who are not indirectly great ethical teachers, or, if not teachers, inspirers. And it is obvious that scientific habits of thought must dispose men to seek for a natural rather than a miraculous or traditional foundation for morality, to

seek for natural rather than arbitrary standards of right and wrong, and to dwell chiefly on the natural sanctions attached to well-doing and evil-doing. The ancient law-givers received their authority and their code by special interposition, near secret stream, or on open mountain-top. We look for ours in the heart of man, and through the observation of social phenomena. Not less, but more than Dante we know for certain that there are a heaven and a hell — a heaven in the presence of light and blessing when a good deed has been done; a hell in the debasement of self, in the dark heart able no longer *vivre au grand jour*, in the consciousness of treason against our fellows, in the sense that we have lowered the nobler tradition of humanity, in the knowledge that consequence pursues consequence with a deadly efficiency far beyond our power of restraining or even of reaching them. The assurance that we live under a reign of natural law enforces upon us with a solemn joy and an abiding fear the truth that what a man soweth, that shall he also reap; and if he sow for others (and who does not?), others must reap of his sowing, tares of tares, and wheat of wheat. A recent critic concludes his studies of the Greek poets with a remarkable chapter which is an expansion of the thought that the true formula for the conduct of life in our modern world is no other than the old formula of Greek philosophy *ὅτι κατὰ φύσιν*, to live according to nature. The words might be accepted as our rule if "nature" be understood to include the action of the higher part of our humanity in controlling or modifying the lower and grosser part. This does not imply any acceptance of the ascetic theory of self-mortification, it is a part of the scientific doctrine of self-development, since we must recognize as one element in natural self-development the moving upward of which Mr. Tennyson speaks:—

Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

The ethics of self-development rightly interpreted must, under the influence of science, forever replace the false ethics of self-mortification. A sane and vigorous human body, rich in the qualities which attract, and strongly feeling the attractions of the earth, and of human creatures upon the earth, will seem more sacred to us than the most attenuated limbs of the martyrs of early Christian art. Among our human instincts, passions, affections, the æsthetic sensibilities, the intellect, the

conscience, the religious emotions, an order and hierarchy are indeed indispensable; but not one citizen in our little state of man shall be disfranchised or dishonored. So shall men see (when fatherhood and motherhood have been duly considered beforehand) youth ardent, aspiring, joyous, free; manhood powerful, hardy, patient, vigilant, courageous; and an old age of majesty and beauty. Nor will death, which has been in our globe ever since life was in it, appear the seal of human shame and sin, but the completion of a fulfilled course, the rest at the goal, perhaps the starting-point of a new career.*

All this has reference, however, to the ideal of the individual as pointed to by science, but science declares further, and declares with ever-increasing emphasis, that duty is social. The law, under which we live, does not consist, as regards our duties to our neighbor, merely or chiefly of negations. "Thou shalt not," since the great Teacher of the mount interpreted the law, has given place to "Thou shalt" — shalt actively strengthen, sustain, co-operate. The ideal of co-operation has been well defined as "the voluntary, conscious participation of each intelligent, separate element of society in preparing, maintaining, and increasing the general well-being, material, intellectual, and emotional." Self-surrender is therefore at times sternly enjoined, and if the egoistic desires are brought into conflict with social duties, the individual life and joy within us, at whatever cost of personal suffering, must be sacrificed to the just claims of our fellows. But what has this idea of duty to do with literature — what especially has it to do with the literature of the imagination? Little indeed if such literature be nothing save a supply to the senses of delicate colors and perfumes; much, if such literature address itself, as all great literature does, to the total nature of man. And what in effect is this statement, justified by science, of the nature of duty but a rendering into abstract formulæ of the throbbings of the heart which lives at the centre of such creations as "Romola," "Armstrong," and "Middlemarch"?

It is not possible here to consider how the modification by science of our conception, not of the world only, nor of man,

* What has been said above is said in better words in many passages of Whitman's writings. See "Democratic Vistas," p. 41; "Two Rivulets," p. 7. To spiritualize the democracy by a religion in harmony with modern science, has been the chief aim of Whitman's later writings.

but of the Supreme Power, must express itself, if it have not already expressed itself, in literature. That power is no remote or capricious ruler; absolutely inscrutable, the Father of our spirits is yet manifested in the totality of things, and most highly manifested to such beings as ourselves in the divinest representatives of our race. Recognizing all our notions of this inscrutable power as but symbolic, we may for purposes of edification accept an anthropomorphic conception, and yield to all that, in sincerity, and imposing no delusion upon ourselves, such an anthropomorphic conception may suggest, provided always that we keep it, in accordance with its purpose of edification, at the topmost level upon which our moral and spiritual nature can sustain an ideal, and bear in mind that it has no absolute validity. Nor will it be without an enlarging and liberating power with our spirit from time to time, when circumstances make it natural to do so, if we part with, dismiss, or abolish the symbolic conception suggested by man, in favor of one which the life and beauty of this earth of ours, or of the sublime cosmos of which it is a member, may suggest to the devout imagination. Thus by all that can be seen, and known, and loved, the religious spirit will be fed, and around and beyond what is knowable will abide an encircling mystery, by virtue of which the universe becomes something more than a workshop, a gymnasium, or a banquet-chamber, by virtue of which it becomes even an oracle and a shrine. It is possible already to perceive in literature the influence of such religious conceptions as have been here suggested.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE PRINCESS PAOLINI.

I.

ONE fine January night, some years ago, the Princess Paolini held a great reception. It was the first entertainment of any kind that had taken place beneath her roof since the death of the old prince, her husband, and all Rome flocked to attend it. Cardinals and ambassadors, monsignori and generals, Roman duchesses and English tourists, grey-jacketed Papal Zouaves fresh from the field of Mentana, artists and sculptors, statesmen and antiquarians, they streamed up the broad marble staircase in an unending tide; for everybody was anxious to get a sight of the beautiful

young princess, and on an occasion like this invitations were not hard to come by. Outside, the grey, time-worn façade of the old palace was lighted up by a row of flaming torches; the piazza, of which it occupies one entire side, was thronged with carriages, and, from a stage erected near the portico, a brass band brayed forth operatic selections with more or less of cheerfulness and accuracy.

Everybody who knows Rome knows the Palazza Paolini, and everybody who has any acquaintance with Roman society is aware that its late owner was no lineal descendant of the famous old family whose name he bore, but a partner in the well-known Florentine banking-house of Flocchi and Company. It was upon his marriage with the orphan daughter of poor old ruined Filippo Paolini that he was permitted to assume the title and arms upon which his subsequent career reflected so much credit; and, though I believe that he was somewhat coldly received by the Roman nobility upon his first advent among them, his generosity, his artistic tastes, his fine manners, and, above all, his great wealth, soon sufficed to triumph over the prejudices of the most exclusive, and placed him, ere long, upon as high a social pinnacle as any dweller in the Eternal City, who was neither a priest nor a politician, could aspire to occupy. He bought back the palace and the lands, which had gradually slipped away from the possession of his wife's ancestors; he even, at infinite pains and expense, recovered many of their lost art treasures; he set the old family upon its legs again, and received such members of it as presented themselves to him with open arms and an open purse.

Of these there was no lack. From many a dilapidated farm in the Umbrian marshes, and many a crumbling, moribund city, they flocked to the capital, those handsome, impoverished Paolinis—priests, some of them, and some soldiers, but most without occupation—and for them all the new prince willingly expended his money and the influence which money carries with it. He revived the glories of an ancient house in short, and, in so doing, deserved well of his country. Such, at least, was the expressed opinion of his Holiness Pope Gregory XVI. and others, though some people, remembering the past history of the Paolini family, may have thought that the world would have suffered no great loss by the extinction of that race of plotters, poisoners, and spendthrifts.

And so, for a matter of thirty years, Giuseppe Flocchi, Prince Paolini, reigned in Rome as a leader of society and a liberal patron of the arts, and was beloved by all classes alike, the only drop of bitter in his cup being the want of any child to succeed him in his honors. But when, in the fulness of time, the Princess Paolini died, the widower thought fit to take a step which—at least among the ranks of his relatives—proved immediately fatal to his popularity. If, as the proverb says, no man should be accounted happy, neither perhaps ought he to be deemed wise, until he is dead. At the age of seventy or thereabouts, the sage and experienced Prince Paolini, who had undertaken a journey to London with the pardonable object of diverting his thoughts from the loss which he had sustained, reappeared in Rome, bringing with him, as his second consort, a beautiful English girl fresh from the schoolroom; and his cousin the cardinal, throwing up his hands and his eyes, cried aloud, in the bitterness of his heart, that there was no fool like an old fool.

The prince's second experience of married life proved a brief one. He was found dead in his bed one morning very shortly after his return home; and the newspapers, which united in lauding the many good deeds of his long life, differed a little as to the cause of its termination, some speaking of apoplexy, and others of heart-disease. Rumor, ever prone to be ill-natured, filled the air, at the time, with whisperings which I should be the last man in the world to think of repeating, especially as they are scarcely relevant to the present narrative; but certain it is that the sad event, which caused many tears to flow from the eyes of those who had been recipients of the dead man's bounty, left his relations wonderfully calm. However, they gave him a magnificent funeral; and I well remember seeing the procession pass slowly and solemnly down the Corso, a troop of monks leading the way, bearing huge lighted candles and chanting a melancholy dirge, some ghastly masked figures, members of the confraternity of the Misericordia, striding on either side of the bier, and a long train of mourners and coaches and carriages following. The Paolinis were all there—a goodly clan of them. They reverently deposited the remains of their departed chief in the church of Sta. Maria del Popolo; and then I daresay they drove back as quickly as they could and heard the will read.

I don't know whether it was then or

upon some subsequent occasion that the contents of that document were communicated to the relatives of the deceased; but, whenever it was, I should have much enjoyed being present and watching their faces while it was announced that, barring a few unimportant legacies, the misguided man had bequeathed the whole of his vast property, real and personal, to his widow. The lady was not even hampered with any of the ordinary provisos which common prudence dictates, with regard to remarriage, or the like. Her husband's wealth was hers, and hers absolutely. The family felt this to be very grievous, and could perhaps hardly be blamed for so feeling, though, no doubt, young Carlo Paolini, of the Guardia Nobile, went a little too far when he declared publicly that, in his opinion, it would be a righteous act to dig the old idiot up out of his grave and fling his body into the Tiber. His uncle, the cardinal, very properly rebuked him for such a display of temper and bad taste, and suggested the more practical course of disputing the will. Some such attempt was, indeed, subsequently made; but it proved abortive; and then the Paolinis, with that common sense which has never yet deserted them where their own interests have been at stake, recognized the fact that by far the best thing they could do would be to keep on good terms with the fortunate foreigner to whom their ancient palace and broad lands now belonged.

Of course certain people declared that they tried to poison her; but what will not certain people declare? There was nothing in the rather abrupt departure of the young princess for her native land to excite so shocking a suspicion in any but evil-thinking minds; nor could anything be more natural than that a girl married and widowed at the tender age of eighteen should fly for comfort and consolation to the arms of a fond mother. At all events, Rome saw her again at the end of a couple of years. She took up her abode in the luxurious apartments of the Palazzo Paolini, which had been prepared to receive her as a bride; she showed herself upon the Pincian in an English-built Victoria drawn by a pair of high-stepping bays, and presently—by way, as it was thought, of manifesting in a public manner that she understood the duties and importance of her position—she issued invitations for the great reception of which mention has already been made.

Those who were privileged to attend this gathering were forced to admit that the demeanor of their hostess afforded

little room for adverse criticism, and that, Englishwoman as she was, she bore herself in all respects as became a Roman princess. She was very tall, very beautiful, and very magnificently dressed. With her dark hair and eyes and her clear pale complexion, she might have been an Italian born. She was a little proud and cold perhaps; but that was a fault upon the right side. Standing at the head of her staircase, with Cardinal Paolini at her elbow and a little court of her relations and other great people grouped behind her, she received her guests like any empress. She made no mistakes. Possibly she had gone through a private rehearsal with the cardinal, or it may have been that she had taken some pains to learn her part; at any rate she was polite to everybody, and more than polite to a favored few. She had a well-chosen word or two for each of the great ladies whose friendship was worth securing; she advanced a few steps and shook hands with the minister of a country understood to be friendly to the papal government, while the representative of another power, with whose action his Holiness had recently had reason to be displeased, was dismissed with a grave, distant bow.

The latter form of recognition was, indeed, the only one vouchsafed to the majority of the princess's guests, as they defiled before her, and passed on to the picture-gallery and the great ball-room, where a string band was playing for their benefit; but when my own turn came to pay my respects to the lady of the house, I was honored by a much warmer reception. The fact is that I had entered the Palazzo Paolini uninvited. I had only just arrived in Rome, and having heard of the proposed festivity, I thought I would walk round after dinner and see how my old friend and playmate, Sybil Ferrars (with whom I had been intimately acquainted since the day when I had the honor to attend her christening), would acquit herself in her new and rather trying situation. I flattered myself, too, that the sight of a familiar face among all those strange ones would not be unwelcome to her; and so I was not at all astonished when the princess, on recognizing me, forgot all her stateliness and dignity for a moment, and held out both her hands with a little glad cry of surprise.

"You here!" she exclaimed. "How delightful! When did you arrive? and how long will you remain? Oh, I hope you are going to stay the whole winter! Where have you been all these long, weary

years?" (It was only two years since I had seen her last; but at her time of life two years is a much longer period than it is at mine.) "Will you come and see me to-morrow morning about twelve o'clock? Then we can have a good long talk all by ourselves."

Cardinal Paolini fixed his deep-set, black eyes upon my humble person, and looked me through and through. He is a handsome, commanding-looking man, as all the Paolinis are, and he has a way of confronting inferior mortals with a cold, penetrating gaze which is supposed to strike terror into their mean souls. Of course, I had no chance against him. With his tall, spare figure draped in scarlet robes and old lace, he looked the very picture of a proud prince of the Church, and seemed born to exact obedience, if not respect; whereas I, I am sorry to say, am a rather fat old man, and though I may have had my share of good looks once upon a time, I have never heard that my appearance was of an awe-inspiring kind. However, I am not afraid of Cardinal Paolini, nor, for that matter, of the whole Sacred College put together; so I favored him with a Briton's stony, stolid stare, before which he presently dropped his eyelids, while the faintest possible smile flickered for an instant about his thin lips.

I suppose the princess must have noticed the rigidity which had suddenly overspread my speaking countenance, and have guessed at its cause; for she glanced over her shoulder at the cardinal, and remarked, in a very clear and distinct voice, and in the Italian tongue (which I observed she had learnt to speak with remarkable purity), "Your Eminence need feel no alarm. Mr. Clifford was at school with my father, and, what is better still, he is married already."

At this speech there was a general smile, and I saw several of the bystanders nudge their neighbors; for of course everybody knew that the Paolinis were not going to let their fair relative take a second husband if they could help it, and the cardinal's distrust of Englishmen was, as I afterwards learnt, a matter of notoriety.

I passed on into the picture-gallery, feeling rather sorry that the princess should have thought it worth while to make something like a scene out of so small a matter. It was sufficiently obvious that the cardinal must wish and intend to get her under his thumb; and I have always observed that, when a clever and strong-willed man has such designs with regard to a woman, the only safe opposition she can bring to

bear against him is that of a wall of passive resistance. He has already taken a long step towards victory when she tries to sting him with sharp speeches.

I never have any lack of acquaintances in Rome, where I am in the habit of spending two or three months out of every year, and I soon found myself surrounded by a knot of old friends in whose society an hour slipped away pleasantly enough. I was just thinking that it was about time for me to be going back to my hotel to bed when I ran up against young Dick Seaton, the sculptor, who grasped my hand with more than his usual cordiality.

"My dear Mr. Clifford," he cried, "you are the very man of all others whom I wanted to see! You knew the Princess Paolini before she was married, didn't you? Who was she? What made her marry that drivelling old man? Tell me about her."

"Why all this eagerness?" I enquired. "What are princesses and Paolinis to you, my poor Dick? Have you fallen in love with her, you foolish boy? And do you suppose she is ever likely so much as to notice your existence? Oh, vanity of youth!"

Dick burst out laughing. "Fallen in love with that beautiful statue? — not exactly!" he answered. "I could as easily fall in love with the Capitoline Venus. Besides, I hope I know my place, and have a proper reverence for my betters. Moreover, I can tell you, if you don't know it already, that the Princess Paolini will never marry again. His Eminence yonder would have a hundred suitors poisoned sooner than let it come to that."

"Well, well!" I said. "I daresay she will be none the less happy if she does have to remain single. What do people want to get married for? Is matrimonial bliss so common a thing that all you young folks should be in such a hurry to surrender your freedom?"

Dick laughed again, and asked whether Mrs. Clifford was with me. Dick is sometimes inclined to be a little bit impertinent.

"You know very well that the climate of Rome does not suit my wife," I answered. "She is in England, paying a round of visits. So you want to hear all about the beautiful princess, do you? Well; walk home with me, and I will tell you what I know."

We made our way through the crowded rooms, down the broad staircase, and so out on to the piazza, where we lighted our cigars, and strolled away in the moonlight.

"The Princess Paolini," said I, as we turned into the Corso, "is one of that old cat Lady Augusta Ferrars's daughters. You don't know Lady Augusta, because you live abroad three parts of the year, and when you do go to London you roam about the streets in a velvet coat and a pot hat, so that even your relations have to look in at a shop-window when you pass; but everybody else knows her, and I believe most people rather like her. A select few, of whom I have the honor to be one, hate her like poison. I don't know whether her daughters feel grateful to her, but I suppose they ought, for she has done the best she possibly could for them, according to her ideas. The eldest will be a duchess one of these days, when her husband succeeds to the title; the second is married to old Kreutzerpenning, the German banker, and will be one of the richest women in Europe when he dies, as he is bound to do before long; the third is the famous Lady Highcliffe, of whom you must have heard. They tell me she leads one of the most exclusive sets in London; but I don't know much about her myself; she soared to a social height which I can never hope to reach. Lady Augusta arranged all these matches, and carried them through, unaided and alone, in the face of considerable difficulties. It was she who took poor Sybil almost out of the nursery, made her change her religion, and handed her over to old Prince Paolini, who might have been her grandfather. I believe the poor child made some objection; but children never know what is good for them; and, after all, now that the man is dead —"

Here Seaton spat upon the ground in an offensive, noisy manner, of which I strongly disapprove.

"Don't do that, Dick," said I: "it is unnecessary and ungentlemanly. Live in Bohemia, if you will, but for heaven's sake keep clear of its low habits."

"I will back the habits of Bohemia against the habits of Belgravia, any day," he returned. "In Bohemia a woman has at least some natural love for her offspring."

"So she has in Belgravia, only it takes a different form."

"Faugh! don't tell me. Made her change her religion, did they? I am a Catholic myself, as you know, but then I was born one: hang forcible conversions! And you talk of it all as if it wasn't enough to make a man sick!" And here I am sorry to say that, in spite of my remonstrance, Dick repeated his objectionable

act. "But I daresay she was a willing victim," he resumed, after a pause. "No doubt she is as worldly and selfish and mean as the rest of them, and Heaven only gave her those great melancholy brown eyes by some mistake."

"She is nothing of the kind," I answered — "at least she used not to be."

"Then why did she marry that old dotard?"

"My good Dick," I said, "you don't know the stupendous power of a nagging woman. I sincerely trust you never may. Lady Augusta's daughters were all high-spirited girls, but they had to give in to her in the long run; and, for my part, I don't wonder at it."

"H'm! Well, I don't think I shall execute the order, all the same," remarked Dick, musingly.

"What order?" I asked.

"Oh, the Princess Paolini honored my studio by a visit the other day, and, after criticising my poor productions with a good deal of complimentary condescension, was pleased to say that she was anxious to sit to me for her bust. I told her that I didn't much care about that kind of work, as a general thing, but that, as her face interested me, I would see whether I could not make an exception in her case."

"That was rather impertinent of you."

"Yes; but her manner had been rather impertinent to me. Besides, I only spoke the truth. Her face interested me. All things considered, I don't think it interests me any more; and when she comes to my studio to-morrow, as she has appointed to do, I shall tell her I can't find time for her."

"You young goose!" I said, "what have you to do with the private life of your sitters? Do you institute enquiries into the antecedents of all your models, pray? The Princess Paolini, who is no worse than her neighbors, you may be sure, will pay you well for your work, and bring you into notice if you are civil to her. Don't quarrel with your bread and butter."

"I shall do very well without the princess's patronage," answered Dick, with his nose in the air; "and I am not going to degrade my art into a mere means of grubbing up money. Here is your hotel. Good-night."

And so my young friend marched away in the moonlight, ascended the broad flight of steps that leads from the Piazza di Spagna to the church of the Trinità de' Monti, and was soon out of sight. Dick Seaton's father, as I happened to

know, made him, at that time, an allowance of 300*l.* a year, upon the strength of which I suspect that the young sculptor muddled away more than double that amount annually. I was rather pleased with him for respecting his art, and despising money; I like to see youth generous and careless, and free-handed; and as I knocked up the porter at the Hôtel de l'Europe, and stumbled in through the half-open door, I said to myself that Dick was a fine young fellow, though of course an ass. I daresay, though, that if he had been my son, I should have considered the latter part of the phrase more descriptive of him than the former.

II.

PUNCTUALLY at twelve o'clock on the following morning I presented myself at the Palazzo Paolini, and, after a short delay, was ushered into the presence of its mistress. She received me in what would, I suppose, have been called her boudoir, had not such a name seemed so absurdly inappropriate as applied to one of the vast lofty chambers of the grim old palace. It was too large a room to be altogether comfortable, and of course its windows fitted badly and let in currents of air, as all Roman windows do; but it had a southern aspect, it was luxuriously furnished in the modern Parisian style, and a mass of flowers and a great cage full of twittering birds gave it a certain cheery, home-like appearance. A wood fire was burning brightly on the hearth, on one side of which the princess reclined in a low easy-chair, while facing her sat a straight-backed, sandy-haired, middle-aged person, whom I at once perceived to be her lady companion.

A sense of humor, we are often told, is nothing more nor less than a quick perception of the incongruous; but to my own mind I must confess that there is no spectacle at once so ludicrous, so delightful, and so rare, as that of absolute fitness. Every condition in life has its ideal type, yet how seldom is that ideal realized! Portly bishops, weasel-faced attorneys, admirals who talk in a sustained bellow and interlard their conversation with oaths — how few and far between are they, and with what immense satisfaction does one greet a man whose appearance accords in all respects with his calling! Companions, should, of course, be tall, angular, and of uncompromising aspect; they should wear mittens, be perpetually knitting grey woollen stockings, and should never speak unless addressed. Every-

body has met the ideal companion scores of times in novels and plays; but how many people have come across her in real life? The Princess Paolini's companion fulfilled all the above enumerated conditions; and when I was introduced to her, and heard that her name was Miss O'Grady, the perfection of the specimen struck me with such force, and tickled me to that extent, that I had much ado to keep myself from bursting into an unseemly guffaw.

Miss O'Grady so completely satisfied my soul that, for the first few minutes, I really could not take my eyes off her, and was only able to lend a half-attentive ear to the conversation of the princess, who was chatting away about old times in a manner far more characteristic of the Sybil of former years than of the *grande dame* whom I had seen patronizing ambassadors on the previous evening. It was the sound of Seaton's name that roused me from my state of contented contemplation.

"I suppose Mr. Seaton is an old friend of yours," the princess was saying. "I saw you go away together arm-in-arm last night. Do you know, I have taken rather a fancy to that young man. He was so very rude to me the other day."

"And do you like people who are rude to you?"

"Sometimes. It makes a change, you know. Nowadays I find that nearly everybody crouches down at my feet; and I think those who hate me most are the most polite to me."

"I can't believe that any one can hate you," said I.

She shrugged her shoulders, but made no reply: and Miss O'Grady, without lifting her eyes from her knitting, delivered herself of a short, sharp "Hem!" which I took to mean, "Well, you *are* an old fool!"

"Would you believe," the princess resumed, "that Mr. Seaton makes difficulties about producing a bust of me? As if the greatest sculptor in Rome would not be only too glad to have such an order! I don't in the least want a bust of myself, and certainly, in the first instance, had not the slightest anxiety to sit to your friend; but when he seemed inclined to refuse my offer, I determined at once that he should accept it, whether he pleased or not; and, in fact, I am going to give him my first sitting this morning. Will you come with me, and relieve Miss O'Grady? You don't care to come, do you?" she added, turning to her companion; and that lady, looking up for a moment, answered in a

deep, solemn voice, "I'd be glad to be excused."

Mindful of the foolish determination which Dick had announced to me, I thought I might manage to do the young fellow a good turn, in spite of himself, if I acceded to the princess's request, so I said I should like very much to accompany her, and shortly afterwards found myself comfortably settled on the soft cushions of the Victoria of which mention has already been made, and progressing at a round pace up the steep streets which lead to the Via di San Nicolo da Tolentino, where Dick's studio was situated.

As we pulled up before the door with a jerk, a little incident occurred which half amused and half distressed me. An elderly man dressed in a suit of threadbare black, who had been sauntering along the pavement on the opposite side of the way smoking a cigarette, halted as the clattering equipage dashed past him, and, with pardonable curiosity, stood still for a moment to scrutinize the beautiful lady enveloped in furs who was preparing to descend from it. The princess caught sight of him while her foot was on the step, and, turning instantly to the footman who was holding out his arm to assist her to alight, she said, in her quick, imperious way, "Tell that man to come here."

In a moment the stranger, hat in hand, was standing before her and bowing obsequiously, polite interrogation expressed in all his features.

"Cardinal Paolini sent you to watch for me," said the princess, looking over the man's head as she spoke. "You can tell him that you saw me enter Signor Seaton's studio, and that I shall probably remain there an hour or more. You may add that I had no one with me except an English gentleman." And with that she swept into the house.

The stranger opened enormous eyes of astonishment, dropped his head beneath his shoulders, exhibited the palms of a dingy pair of hands, and volubly assured me that the lady had made some mistake. He had never seen her before in his life, and had not so much as heard the name of Cardinal Paolini. But I was too much ashamed and annoyed to answer him, and hurried into the studio without daring to glance at either of the servants.

I followed the princess into the bare, scantily-furnished ante-room in which Dick was accustomed to keep his visitors waiting for him, and then, using the privilege of an old friend, I ventured upon a mild expostulation. "After all," I concluded,

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"the man was very likely not put on to watch you."

She had turned her back to me in order to examine some bas-reliefs which hung against the wall, and had not, I am afraid, paid much attention to my harangue.

"Oh, yes, he was," she said, quietly. "I know his face perfectly well; and he knows that I know him."

"But why speak to him before your servants? Surely it would be more dignified——"

"That is of no importance whatever," she interrupted. "It is an open secret that the cardinal surrounds me with spies, and, for anything I know, those very servants may be in his pay. Of course I might disregard his emissaries as beneath notice, if I chose; but it makes him angry to know that he is detected and laughed at; and so, from time to time, I send him a message which I am sure will be delivered, because all his creatures hate him so. Ah, here is Mr. Seaton."

Mr. Seaton now made his appearance. He was clad in a complete suit of brown velvet, with knickerbockers; his fair hair, which in moments of excitement was apt to stand on end, was parted in the middle and carefully brushed; his beard had evidently been trimmed that morning, and a faint odor of eau-de-cologne entered the room with him. In short, I perceived at once that the young jackanapes had come in prepared to ride the high horse, and his first words convinced me of the correctness of my judgment.

After bowing low to the princess—I only got a nod—he expressed his regret that she should have been put to the trouble of revisiting his studio. He had given the subject full consideration, he said, and he had arrived at the conclusion that he must decline the honor of executing her bust. In point of fact, he did not go in for that kind of work. Of course a beautiful face was always worth studying; and that (if he might be permitted to say so) was the reason why he had hesitated a little in the present instance; but, after thinking it over, he had decided that it would be wiser for him not to depart from his general rule: He must therefore beg to be excused.

The princess was sitting with her back towards me, so that I could not see how this announcement affected her. She did not, however, appear to be offended.

"Of course, if you won't do it, you won't, and there is no more to be said," she answered; "but I confess I am disappointed. I want to have a good bust of

myself, and I fancied, somehow or other, that you would succeed better with me than one of the others, to whom I shall now have to apply. I don't know what your reasons may be; but if it were only loss of time that you dreaded——"

"You would pay me at a rate that would overrule that objection. I don't doubt it; and I am infinitely obliged. But—forgive me, princess—there are some few things in the world that money will not buy. My productions, which are very far from being first-rate, are worth a certain price; and that price I expect, and receive, for them. I don't want more, and would not take more."

At this juncture I could not refrain from calling out, "That's bosh, you know;" but I doubt whether either of the young people heard the interruption.

"I beg your pardon," said the princess, quite meekly; "I ought not to have tried to bribe you; and, indeed, I did not exactly mean to do that; but I thought perhaps your time might be valuable, and—and—but it does not signify. You don't pursue art as a profession then?" she resumed, after a momentary pause.

"Oh, yes, I do," answered Dick, laughing, and showing a fine double row of white teeth; "and very glad I am to get an order too. But I love my art for its own sake, not for what it may bring me, and I would not undertake any work that went against the grain with me, if I were offered five thousand pounds for it."

Here again I felt constrained to exclaim, "Dick, Dick, don't be such a prig!" And I am bound to say that my second observation met with as little recognition as my first.

"Oh, if it goes against the grain," said the princess softly.

An ingenuous blush suffused the cheeks of the young sculptor. "I did not mean that," he cried, quite confused and altogether forgetful of his dignity. "You cannot suppose that—good heavens, how stupid and awkward I am! All I meant was——"

"Well?" said the princess calmly.

I suppose Dick did not quite know what he had meant; for he did not finish his sentence, but frowned and rumbled up his hair, and began to walk up and down the room.

"If you really think," he began, at length—"if you think—though, upon my word, I don't know why you should—there are so many sculptors who are my superiors in every way—but if you really wish——"

Need I add that, a few minutes later, the princess was seated in the one easy-chair that Dick's studio possessed, that I myself was accommodated with a hard, comfortless stool, and that the incorruptible Seaton had changed his velveteen coat for a brown holland one, and was already hard at work?

"What is there in this world that all pretty women, and most plain ones, cannot get a man to do if they will only take the trouble?" I asked of the princess when the sitting was at an end, and I was once more seated beside her in her carriage.

She laughed, and said that there were a great many things which no power of hers had ever been able to effect. "Do you think, for instance, that I could induce the cardinal to leave me in peace?"

"The cardinal," I answered, "is a priest and an old man: my poor Dick is young and impetuous. I should take it as a favor if you would not make a greater fool of him than you can help."

"What do you mean?" she asked, turning her great, serious eyes full upon me.

And then I remembered that she was a princess and that Dick was only a struggling sculptor, and I had not the courage to caution her against flirting with one so far beneath her in rank.

After this the princess's visits to Dick's studio became matters of daily occurrence. Miss O'Grady went with her as representative of the *convenances*, and took her knitting. I did not offer to replace that lady a second time, having a dislike to hard, wooden chairs, but I often dropped in, in the course of the morning, and found the trio always in the same postures—the princess mounted upon her dais, Dick working away at his clay, and the grim-visaged companion nodding a little over her interminable stocking. Entering, one day, without knocking, as my habit was, I was arrested upon the threshold by a warning "Hush!" and presently became aware of Miss O'Grady slumbering peacefully upon her high chair, her head thrown back, and her lower jaw dropped, while Dick was hastily drawing a caricature of this sleeping beauty, and the princess, peeping over his shoulder, was stuffing her pocket handkerchief into her mouth to control her laughter. When I saw Dick's sketch, which I must say was not devoid of humor, I exploded, and awoke the unconscious sitter, who glanced suspiciously first at us, then at her knitting, and finally remarked, gravely, "I believe I've dropped a stitch."

At this there was a general outburst of

merriment; for indeed the poor lady had solemnly drawn out her knitting-needles, one by one, in the course of her nap, and her long grey stocking lay, a hopeless ruin, on her knees.

I was not sorry to see that poor Sybil had still so strong a leaven of childishness left in her nature. No one who had encountered her, night after night, as I had lately done, in the *salons* of the Roman aristocracy, would have supposed that the pale, stately princess was capable of giggling over a caricature like any schoolgirl; and, in truth, if rumor were correct, her life among her relations was not of a kind to encourage mirth.

"Will you drive with us to the Doria-Pamfili gardens this afternoon?" she asked, as she put on her hat and gloves. "We are going there to gather flowers, Miss O'Grady and I; and perhaps Mr. Seaton may be able to meet us."

It was a delicious warm day in the early spring; I had no special engagement for that afternoon; so I said I would go; and we went. We left the carriage at the villa, and wandered among those shady glades, which are now almost as well known to Englishmen as Richmond Park; and there, sure enough, we found Mr. Dick waiting for us. Then we all went down upon all fours, and gathered the many-tinted anemones with which the park was carpeted, till two of us were reminded by the aching of our backs that we were no longer so young as we had once been, and, assuming a more convenient attitude, left the self-imposed task to those whose limbs were still lithe and whose bones were unracked by rheumatism. Out came Miss O'Grady's grey stocking; I obtained permission to light a cigarette; and as we sat on the dry grass, exchanging a word every now and then, but making no effort at sustained conversation, the laughter of the young folks rose from the dell whither they had wandered, and gladdened the soft warm air.

Human nature is human nature all the world over. Throw an obscure, but appreciative youth constantly into the society of a lovely empress; leave them alone together; let them grow intimate, and—audacious, senseless, discreditable as it may be—it is as likely as not that that youth will become enamored of that empress. So much I readily admit. I have indeed repeatedly done so in the course of conversation with Mrs. Clifford, who is pleased to blame me because Dick Seaton chose to fall over head and ears in love with the Princess Paolini, and who,

with that terse vigor which characterizes all her utterances, has more than once observed that nothing but senile imbecility or pure wickedness can explain my conduct in not "nipping the thing in the bud." But although, from considerations which it is needless here to particularize, I have for many years made it a rule never to contradict Mrs. Clifford, I must still take leave to doubt whether, even if I had been possessed of the blighting influence attributed to me by my wife, I should have done wisely or well to exercise it. For whose sake, pray, was I to interfere? For Sybil's? Was I to deprive her of the honest devotion of an honest heart, and of a few brief hours of enjoyment and oblivion out of a life predestined to chill splendor? For Dick's, then? Why, what better thing can happen to a young man than that he should fall in love? What is more certain to bring out the good side of his nature, to subdue the earthly, to lead him to do the very best that he can to achieve name and fame? I am fat, but I am romantic. I have my own reminiscences, and have had my own experiences; and it is my deliberate opinion that no mortal has ever been otherwise than benefited by having truly loved another. I watched, then, the progress of Dick's attachment, with the serene conviction that no harm could come of it. If there had been a question of ultimate marriage, I grant you—but I was perfectly aware of the utter impossibility of any such issue.

After that visit to the Pamfili gardens we four commonly spent our afternoons together. We explored the palace of the Cæsars, we roamed over the Coliseum, we wandered among the ruins of Caracalla's baths. One pair of us developed an immense interest in ancient architecture—an interest only to be satiated by clamberings over giddy heights of masonry, where apparently no two people could safely post themselves, except hand in hand. The remaining couple, being of riper years, were content to pitch their camp-stools upon the green sward below, where the violets grew, and to gaze up at the figures of their adventurous friends standing out sharp and black overhead against a deep blue sky.

Dick was crazily in love, and showed the state of his feelings so openly, that the most indifferent of lookers-on could scarcely ignore it. Even Miss O'Grady, a singularly cautious and reticent person, honored me with an occasional meaning smile, when the young man made himself more than usually ridiculous, though she

never alluded to the subject in words. As for the princess, I was a little puzzled to arrive at a comprehension of her sentiments with regard to her adorer. She was wayward and capricious with him, treating him so sometimes kindly, sometimes coldly, and occasionally favoring him with a very direct and unequivocal snub. She seemed to be really fond of the lad, and yet anxious to keep him at a certain distance. I often wondered whether she sought his company for his own sake, or merely with the amiable object of annoying her relative, the cardinal.

I happened to meet that distinguished prelate, one morning, on the staircase of the Palazzo Paolini, whither I had betaken myself upon I forget what errand. Dick had trumped up some frivolous excuse to accompany me. The cardinal came stepping down the marble stairs, an erect, stately, scarlet figure, with his two footmen in their queer, old-world liveries behind him, and I stood aside to let him pass, taking off my hat, as in duty bound. Dick, on the other hand, never so much as lifted a finger to his wide-awake, and frowned aggressively.

"What do you bow to that fellow for?" he asked, rather before his Eminence was out of hearing distance.

"Honor to whom honor is due," I answered.

"Hang it all! you're a heretic; and you oughtn't to think any honor is due to the scarlet woman, as you call the Holy Church."

"I took off my hat to the scarlet man," says I. "I have nothing to do with his religious opinions; I simply acknowledge his social position."

"Social position!" echoed Dick, with tremendous scorn. "Yes, that is all you fellows who pride yourselves upon being 'men of the world' think of. You don't care two straws whether a man be honest or not; but if he can write 'Duke,' or 'Cardinal,' before his name, off go your hats instinctively. What a set of poor toadies you all are! I, who am only a poor, unfashionable sculptor, don't choose to abase myself before an infamous scoundrel, such as your friend there, whatever his rank may be. However, I confess that I hate Cardinal Paolini personally—and he hates me."

"You conceited young donkey!" I returned—for I must say I didn't like being called a toady—"pigmies may hate giants; but giants don't trouble themselves much about pigmies. I have a very strong suspicion that Cardinal Paolini

has not yet realized the circumstance of your existence."

"Very well," said Dick composedly; "have it your own way; I don't want to dispute your theories. As a matter of fact, however, the cardinal is not only aware of my existence, but has had a good try to put an end to it. I was within an ace of being stabbed on my own staircase the night before last."

"By the cardinal?"

"No; but by a fellow whom he had put on to do it. I was groping my way up the stairs when it occurred to me, I really don't know why, that I might as well strike a light. I did so; and immediately found myself almost touching a ruffian with a naked dagger, whom I clutched, and who promptly made a bolt for it, leaving a piece of his coat-collar in my hand. I let him go; it wouldn't have been any use to me to capture him; but I recognized him at once as one of the spies whose business it is to watch us."

"What spies? And whom do you mean by 'us'?" I enquired, rather startled.

"Why the princess, you know, and — and myself," replied Dick, looking extremely self-conscious.

The worst of it was that it was true. Half an hour later, the princess made some pretext to lead me away into the picture-gallery, and there poured into my ears an indignant complaint of the insolence, the wickedness, the cruelty of her cousin, the cardinal. Her interview with him that morning had been, it appeared, of a somewhat stormy nature. In the double character of senior member of the family and spiritual adviser of his young kinswoman, he had taken upon himself to denounce certain features of her conduct in no measured terms. He had admonished, he had scolded, he had threatened. Last of all, he had actually pushed audacity to the point of accusing the princess of unbecoming familiarity with — whom did I suppose? — with Mr. Seaton.

Monstrous charge! I expressed myself at once astonished and shocked.

"I told him that he would never have dared to insult me so, if he had not been a priest, and I alone and defenceless," continued the poor princess, with tears in her eyes; "but the truth is that he is so blinded by his terror of my marrying again, and taking the Paolini estates out of the family, that he will not believe that I can have any pride or self-respect of my own. I shall never marry again, as it happens; but if I did, I am hardly the person to make a *mésalliance*."

"Certainly not," I acquiesced; "and anything so preposterous as a marriage with Dick Seaton —"

"Preposterous is hardly the word," interrupted the princess, rather inconsistently. "Mr. Seaton's family is quite as old as our own, I believe, for that matter; but of course I understand the duties of my position; and I need hardly tell you that I have never thought of Mr. Seaton except as of a friend. I have so few friends," she added, with a sigh; "indeed I have none except you, and my good faithful O'Grady, and Mr. Seaton. I don't choose to give any of you up at the cardinal's bidding."

"Quite so; but don't you think it might be prudent —"

"To drop Mr. Seaton? I daresay it might; but, fortunately or unfortunately, neither he nor I happen to be cowards. Do you know that he was very nearly murdered a night or two ago?"

"Well, I did hear something of the kind. But who told you?"

"Mr. Seaton himself," she answered, looking me calmly and a little defiantly in the face. "Why should he not? I spoke to the cardinal about it this morning, and told him I knew of his unsuccessful attempt."

"And what did he say to that?"

"Oh, he only laughed, and assured me that, if he wanted to get rid of anybody, he should use some less clumsy means to effect his purpose. And then he said that Rome was full of robbers, and that my friend ought to keep a lamp on his staircase. After which he declared that he forgave me my suspicions, and went smiling away. It is not always easy to make him angry. There is a cool determination about him that frightens me. Sometimes I think I will give up all my money to these Paolinis, as they tried to make me do when I first got it; but then I don't like the idea of being beaten by the cardinal; and besides," she added with a sigh, "you know what sort of a welcome I should meet with at home if I returned to my mother penniless."

Indeed I did. With Lady Augusta on one side and Cardinal Paolini on the other, I could foresee little but troublous times for my poor princess.

Presently she rose from the low tapestried chair upon which she had been seated, and shook her lovely shoulders, as if to free them from some physical load. "Come," she said, "let us forget our troubles for a day or two at least. Have you ever seen my villa at Frascati? Miss

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O'Grady and I are going out there for a little change: will you join us? I have asked Mr. Seaton to give himself a holiday too, and come and examine my frescoes, which he says he is very anxious to see."

I accepted willingly enough, but I confess that I should have been just as well pleased if Dick had been left out of the party. I was beginning to feel really uncomfortable when I thought of that unscrupulous old cardinal. There was a mediævalism about his course of procedure which I did not like. Romance is all very well, but it is hard that one should have to submit to the dull monotony of the nineteenth century and incur the perils of the sixteenth at the same time; and I reflected, with a shudder, that our enemy was quite capable of undermining the Frascati villa, and blowing us all up, à la Darnley.

However, my soul soon ceased to be disquieted within me. When I was sitting, after dinner, in the great cool dining-room of the Villa Paolini, sipping my Montefiascone, I was able to take a calmer and more philosophical view of the situation. The princess had at that time a *chef*, in whose praise I cannot speak too warmly; the Montefiascone was excellent; the view which I idolently contemplated through the open windows left nothing to be desired. Beyond the gardens of the villa—the marble terraces, the statues, the fountains, and the dark cypress and ilex groves—stretched the billowy Campagna, spanned by ruined aqueducts which lessened into the distance; far away against the horizon rose the dome of St. Peter's, a shadowy blue cupola, and the snows of remote Soracte were flushed with the afterglow of sunset.

"One can but die once," thinks I, being perhaps a trifle pot-valiant; "and if anybody wants to assassinate me, now is his time. We are all of us tolerably contented and happy at the present moment, and how do we know what bad times the future may have in store for us?" I added aloud, "This is better than Rome."

"Is it not?" cried the princess, who was in high spirits. "Heaven be praised! we have put twelve good miles between ourselves and the cardinal."

And Miss O'Grady, looking down at her plate, muttered *sotto voce*, "Bad luck to um!"

As for Dick, he said nothing; but I daresay that, like the parrot, he thought the more.

Ah, well, we had a very pleasant and happy week, we four, at the Villa Paolini.

The young people had the best of the fun no doubt; but that was only right and proper. After a certain age one ceases to expect any special happiness on one's own score; but if a man be only sentimental enough, his grey hairs need not debar him from enjoying a good deal of vicarious bliss. We galloped over the brown, windy Campagna (Miss O'Grady in a short grey habit and a voluminous blue gauze veil was indeed a joy forever); we drove to Albano and Rocca di Papa; we climbed Monte Cavo, and picnicked among the ruins of ancient Tusculum; and at night, when the sun had set, and the heavy southern dew had fallen, we wandered among the terraces and avenues of the Paolini gardens, or sat in armchairs on the verandah, and watched the stars. That is to say, that two of the party wandered, while the other two sat still. I had, and have, a great respect for Miss O'Grady; but I like to remain quiescent for a time after dinner, and my intercourse with her was not of that kind which demands solitude and picturesque accessories. Yes; it was a quiet, happy time; and like all times, happy and otherwise, it came to an end. I well remember our last evening. The stars were glittering in a cloudless sky, the air was as soft and warm as on a June night in England, and all the good folks of Frascati had gone to bed to save their candles. There was profound silence in the garden, whither, as usual, we had betaken ourselves after dinner. I was peacefully puffing at my nocturnal cigar; Miss O'Grady, who was unable to knit in the dark, was sitting in a low chair a few paces from my own, her head supported by her long, lean hand; and Dick and the princess had strolled away together, as they pretty generally did at that hour. From time to time we caught glimpses of their dark figures flitting from shadow to light and from light to shadow among the scented orange-trees and the myrtles and tamarisks, and every now and then, the sound of their voices was borne to us and died away again as the fitful night breeze rose and fell. Once they paused by a marble balustrade some fifty yards away from us, and I could see that that rascal Dick was gazing with all his might and main into the great brown eyes of his beautiful companion.

Q zarte Sehnsucht, süßes Hoffen!
Der ersten Liebe goldne Zeit!

As I have, I think, said before, I am old, but I am romantic; and while my eyes were resting upon the princess and the sculptor, my mind had skipped nimbly back

to the year 1830, and to the days when I too lingered out of doors in the falling dews and forgot this weary world and all its dull necessities in looking into just such another pair of brown orbs. I do not speak of Mrs. Clifford's eyes, which, indeed, are not of that color, but of a bluish-green or greenish-blue, I think. I have not the advantage of her presence beside me as I write, and can't be positive as to a shade or so. Poor homely O'Grady, too, must have had some recollections of happy bygone days, I fancy; for she moved uneasily in her chair, and heaved a prodigious sigh from time to time, and the bones of the formidable stays in which she was encased creaked as if in sympathy.

We all re-entered the house together at length; and upon the hall-table we found a little pile of letters which some officious person had forwarded to us from Rome.

Five minutes afterwards two, at least, of our number had stepped back with dismal haste from the domain of romance to that of reality.

III.

ONE of my letters was from Mrs. Clifford, and contained the rather startling intelligence that she proposed to join me very shortly. The east winds, she wrote, had been most piercing of late; she felt that she required a change; and, in short, she had been persuaded to try the effect of a journey to Rome by dear Lady Augusta Ferrars, who was just about to start for that city on a visit to her daughter, the Princess Paolini. Would I see about rooms at the Hôtel de l'Europe, and secure tickets for the Easter ceremonies at once? In a postscript I was asked whether I had happened to meet young Lord Chelsfield yet. Because Mrs. Clifford rather imagined that Lady Augusta expected to find him at Rome.

I took in the situation at a glance. "Dear Lady Augusta" intended to marry her daughter to Lord Chelsfield. The match would be a good one; and, moreover, it would save the Paolini wealth from ever reverting to the family of the late prince. Indeed, realizing, as I then did for the first time, how important it was, from Lady Augusta's point of view, that the princess should make a second marriage, I was at a loss to comprehend why that devoted mother had ever allowed her dear child to return to Italy. But when I remembered the antagonistic designs of Lady Augusta and the cardinal; when I recollected that these two determined persons would shortly be brought

face to face; and when I further reflected upon the complications which might arise out of Dick's intimacy with the princess, and upon the measure of condemnation which was only too likely to fall upon my own head on account thereof, I could contain myself no longer, and exclaimed involuntarily, "Here's a row!"

The princess looked up, with a rather pale and weary face, from the perusal of her own correspondence, and said, "I beg your pardon?" But I did not repeat my vulgar ejaculation.

"I must return to Rome," she continued, in a tone of some depression. "Mamma is coming to see me."

"So must I," I remarked, not less dolorously. "Mrs. Clifford is coming to see me."

At which we had a brief, dreary laugh.

And so next day we all jogged back along the Via Appia to face our troubles, and left Frascati and its foolish fancies behind us.

Upon the events of the few following weeks I prefer not to dwell. I am unable to look back upon that time with any sort of gratification or comfort. Everything turned out exactly as I had anticipated. Lord Chelsfield — a feeble, dissipated youth, with a head like a kite — made his appearance simultaneously with Lady Augusta, and I was given to understand by my wife that he was destined to become the husband of my beautiful princess. I observed carelessly that the lady would probably have something to say to that arrangement, and received a somewhat acrimonious reply to the effect that she had already signified her disapproval of it pretty plainly.

"She refused him last summer," Mrs. Clifford said. "In fact, I believe that she left her mother in that abrupt way and returned to Rome simply in order to get away from him. She is obstinate and headstrong, like all her father's people; but dear Lady Augusta has always been able to manage her girls so wonderfully that I have no doubt she will succeed in the present case. I am sure I hope she will; for really poor Sybil would be so very much happier as the wife of an English nobleman than she can be among these horrid, garlic-eating Italians! And then of course there is the money to be thought of."

"Just so," I replied. "I daresay Lady Augusta will carry her point; I know she has a convincing way with her."

Of the tremendous power possessed by that ugly, fat, commonplace-looking woman

I had good reason to be aware; for poor Ferrars was one of my oldest friends, and I had seen him literally worried into his grave by her. As a tiny fly can goad a creature thousands of times its size to the verge of madness, so Lady Augusta, whom I cannot but regard as equivalent to a whole swarm of flies, would tease and torment and sting any person who happened to oppose her wishes till the wretched victim was fain to shriek for mercy. I never knew her fail to get her own way. She was utterly pitiless; she had a moral hide thicker than the material one of any hippopotamus, and she was thoroughly proof against discouragement and fatigue. Her management of her children—not, as a general rule, easy people to drive—was, as my wife truly said, wonderful. They resisted her, it is true, but she always conquered them in the end, and never forgot to make them smart for their mutiny into the bargain.

I went, as in duty bound, to pay my respects to this amiable creature shortly after her arrival, but she received me so rudely, and said such unpleasant things about certain private affairs of my own with which I had never had any reason to suppose her acquainted, that I picked up my hat, after five minutes of her company, and fled.

As ill luck would have it, at the door of the hotel I met Mrs. Clifford just starting for her afternoon drive, and was immediately ordered to accompany her. Then I soon learnt the cause of my rough reception by Lady Augusta. It was I, it appeared, who had introduced my low friends into the Princess Paolini's house, and had filled her head with the most shocking and revolutionary notions. It was I who had striven to make mischief between mother and daughter. It was I who had encouraged a monstrous flirtation between Sybil and some vulgar, designing artist, and had made her the laughing-stock—positively the laughing-stock!—of all Rome. Dear, dear! what an afternoon I did have of it! Round and round that weary Pincian—which I declare is not much larger than an ordinary soup-plate—round and round, with the record of my delinquencies, past and present, dinned into my ears in a steady, ceaseless monotone—round and round at a slow jog-trot, till my head grew confused, and my ears began to sing.

"I can't stand this any longer!" I gasped at length. "Let me go; I am getting giddy."

"Nonsense!" returned Mrs. Clifford; "what can there be to make you giddy?"

"I tell you I *am*," I reiterated, outraged nature asserting herself; "and what's more, if you don't let me out of this carriage at once, I believe I shall be sick!"

Then I was allowed to go.

After that I thought I might as well keep away from the Palazzo Paolini. My going there would have done nobody any good; and, if you will have the whole truth, I suppose I was a little afraid of that dreadful old Lady Augusta, as well as of some one else nearer home. I declare upon my honor and conscience, that I would have braved any number of old women, if, by so doing, I could have rescued my poor princess from the destiny which I saw looming before her; but Sybil, when I met her in public, avoided me in a rather marked manner, and indeed it was not easy to see in what way my visits could be of service to her, whereas they would assuredly have the effect of exasperating her dear mother.

Nor did I, at this time, see much of Dick Seaton. Several times, when I went to his studio, I found the outer door locked, and upon one occasion, when I did happen to catch him in the act of entering, he behaved in so unreasonable a manner that I very nearly lost my temper with him. I must say I was sorry for the poor lad when I saw his pale face, the dark circles under his eyes, and his dishevelled hair; nor did my pity suffer any diminution after he had taken me into the studio, and had begun prancing about the room, beating his breast, striking his forehead, and cursing the day of his birth, after the time-honored fashion of disappointed lovers. But that he should proceed to abuse me, as the chief cause of all his woe, was really rather more than I could patiently submit to.

"Upon my word, Dick," I exclaimed, "this is a great deal too bad! I make every allowance for your abnormal state of mind, but, when all is said and done, you are a man—and from a man one does expect some rough kind of justice. If you had been an old woman, you know, one would of course have had to bear your absurd accusations in silence. Now do please try to recall the true facts. Did I ever lead you to suppose that you could marry the Princess Paolini? Didn't I, on the contrary, strive, on every possible occasion, to convince you that such an alliance was, and always must be, entirely out of the question? Didn't I warn you, the very first night I was in Rome, against falling in love with her? And didn't you

reply that there was no danger of such a catastrophe—or words to that effect?”

“I don’t remember anything of the kind,” answered that shameless young man. “I know you might have saved me a great deal of wretchedness, if you had chosen to speak a little more plainly when you saw how things were going. Why couldn’t you have told me that it was arranged that she should marry that rascal Chelsfield? I suppose you must have known it. As for differences of rank, and that kind of thing, I did not think so much of that as you do: I haven’t your immense reverence for a title, you know”—this was meant to be very cutting—“and I confess I have sometimes thought that, one day, when I had made a name for myself—however, that does not signify now. She won’t see me; and the hall-porter at the Palazzo, whom I bribed with a couple of scudi, told me that Lady Augusta had given orders that I was never to be admitted. I think I will go and drown myself in the Tiber.”

“I wouldn’t do that,” said I. “I know you won’t believe me, but it is nevertheless true, that you will get over this sooner than you think.”

“Get over it!” shouts Dick, beginning to rampage about the room again. “My good sir, you don’t know what you are talking about. Because you have ‘got over’ half-a-dozen flirtations, you imagine that love is nothing but a passing fancy, which resolves itself very soon into a rather pleasant memory. Well, you are wrong. I believe that love, when it has once existed between two people whose tastes and habits and ideas are the same, is eternal.” He added, in a lachrymose tone, which would have been pathetic if it had not been a trifle ludicrous, “She and I thought alike upon all subjects.”

I stuck my hands in my pockets, stared up at the ceiling, and murmured:—

Oh how hard it is to find
The one just suited to our mind!
And if that one should be
False, unkind, or found too late,
What can we do but sigh at fate,
And sing, “Woe’s me, woe’s me!”

I trotted out this quotation from the lumber-room of my memory, where I keep many such odds and ends, intending it as an expression of sympathy; but I think it was lost upon Dick, who only seemed to have caught one word of it.

“She is *not* false!” he cried.

“Did I say she was? To whom should she be false? Hardly to you, I imagine;

for I happen to have heard from her own lips that she never harbored any such absurd notion as that of becoming your wife.”

Well, I meant it for the best. What kindness would there have been in encouraging the poor fellow to foster illusions? But no sooner had I made the above veracious statement than Dick turned upon me with the utmost fury and rudeness, and requested me to take myself off.

“Confound you!” he bawled, stamping his foot, “why do you sit grinning there, and driving me mad? I wish you would get out, and leave me alone with my misery!”

Now, as I said before, I can make every allowance for the mentally afflicted, but I do think that some amount of respect is due to grey hairs. I resolved, therefore, as I made my way down the Via di San Nicolo da Tolentino, that I would leave my young friend to himself until such time as he should have recovered his senses. So for the next fortnight or so I mooned about Rome, seldom seeing either Dick or the princess, and, to tell the truth, feeling very dull and lonely without them.

Now it came to pass that, as I was sitting in a sequestered avenue of the French Academy gardens one morning, lost in melancholy meditation, I was roused by a smart tap on the shoulder, which almost made me jump out of my skin. Wheeling round, with a wrathful ejaculation—for I hate to be startled—what should I see before me but the long, lank figure of Miss O’Grady, who saluted me with a short, stern nod.

“I saw you come in here,” said she, in her deep voice, “and I followed you.”

“My dear Miss O’Grady,” I cried, making room for her on the stone bench beside me, “I am delighted to see you! How is the princess?”

“It’s much you care how she is!” retorted Miss O’Grady, with a toss of her head and a snort.

It was really astonishing how, at this time, everybody turned against me, who, as all readers of this narrative must admit, had given no sort of cause for such animosity. I shrugged my shoulders in meek silence.

“Do you know,” resumed Miss O’Grady indignantly, “that they are going to marry her to this half-witted English lord?”

I took off my hat, and scratched my head irritably. “My dear madam,” I answered, “really I can’t help it.”

Miss O'Grady positively snapped her finger and thumb within an inch of my nose. "Poh!" she exclaimed, with a suddenness which made me start back to my corner of the bench. "And you call yourself a man! If I was a man I'd let 'em see!"

"Well, my dear Miss O'Grady," said I, "and suppose you were a man, what would you do?"

"Sure I'd stand by me friends," cried the intrepid lady, her brogue developing in equal measure with her excitement. "I'd not see a poor child hunted and driven into consenting to marry a man who's not fit to black her shoes!"

"Oh, she *has* consented then? I think you forget that the princess is a free agent, and that no one can force her to marry against her will. How do I know that she may not like Lord Chelsfield well enough?"

This was rather disingenuous of me, I admit; but Miss O'Grady's violence had so taken me by surprise that I wanted time to collect my ideas.

"Indade and indade there's nothing of the kind," she returned, with much warmth, "and it's you that should be ashamed to say so. See now," she continued, lowering her voice to a whisper; "you can save her yet, if you'll do what I tell you. Her mother's gone to Naples for three days. Now here's what you have to do. Be off to England, the first thing in the morning, and take the poor child with you. She's half dazed with fright and distress, and she'll go with you if you tell her she must. And there's one we know of who won't be long in following. If you make the most of your time, I wouldn't say but you might get her safely married before ever my Lady Augusta caught you up."

"Gracious heavens!" I exclaimed, aghast, "you cannot have realized the meaning of what you propose. I kidnap the Princess Paolini! Why, my dear lady, if there were no other objection to the plan, you must see that, old as I am, it would be in the highest degree scandalous and improper —"

"Sure, haven't you got your wife with you?" broke in Miss O'Grady composedly.

"My wife! And you really imagine that my wife would join in such an adventure? No, no, Miss O'Grady; I am very, very sorry for poor Sybil, and goodness knows I would help her if I could; but your plan is hopelessly impracticable — it is indeed. The fact is that Mrs. Clifford's views with regard to this question are by

no means identical with my own, and — and in short I could not even think of making such a suggestion to her as you speak of."

"So you're afraid of your wife!" sneered Miss O'Grady, rising, and shaking out her grey skirts with a gesture of infinite scorn. "Very well. But remember now, whatever comes of this, it will be your fault. Good-morning to you."

And with that she strode majestically away, and left me. I felt a little ashamed of myself, though I did not see then, and don't see now, how I could have answered Miss O'Grady differently, nor in what way I could have impeded a marriage to which the princess had herself consented.

Later in the day, I came across Dick in the Piazza di Spagna, and, thinking it as well that he should know the worst, I caught him by the arm, and briefly informed him that the princess was engaged to marry Lord Chelsfield.

"I am perfectly well aware of the fact," he answered coldly, and turned on his heel.

So that was all the thanks I got for voluntarily undertaking a disagreeable task. Truly it is an ungrateful world.

IV.

THAT same evening I was taken by Mrs. Clifford, rather against my will, to a great ball given by the French ambassador. It was a very grand affair; there was a larger display of uniforms than usual; the stairs were lined by servants in gala liveries, and the Roman princesses had got their famous diamonds out from the bank for the occasion, and were all ablaze with them. Rather to my surprise, the first person whom I met, on entering, was Dick Seaton, who did not seem particularly pleased to see me. He was standing close to the door, and I rather gathered from his attitude and expectant look that he was waiting for somebody. My suspicions were confirmed when I returned, in the course of half an hour or so, after having made the complete circuit of the rooms, and found him in the precise spot where I had left him. I had some doubts as to the probability of somebody's arrival, and I had none whatever as to the inexpediency of a meeting between her and Dick, so I ventured, at length, to approach the latter, and to remonstrate with him upon the folly of stationing himself at the elbow of a powdered footman, who might sneeze at any moment, and cover him with flour from head to foot; but he shook me off impatiently, alleging,

with obvious absurdity, that he was standing near the doorway for the sake of fresh air.

I sauntered away again, thinking to myself that, at that advanced hour, my young friend was not likely to receive any reward for his long vigil, and that, after his conduct to me, he deserved to meet with disappointment; but just as the clock was striking half past twelve my ear caught the sound of a distant flunkey's voice bawling out, "*La Principessa Paolini*," and presently in sailed Sybil, magnificent in sapphires and diamonds, and shook hands with the ambassadress. Dick followed in her wake. I never saw the beautiful princess looking so well. Her usually pale cheeks had a faint pink flush; her eyes were sparkling; she conversed, in a far more animated manner than was habitual with her, with a circle of admirers by whom she was immediately surrounded. She was evidently excited; and, strange as it appeared to me, I could not help thinking that she was happy.

What did it all mean? I was completely puzzled, and my wonderment was increased when I saw the princess take Dick's arm, and move away towards the ball-room, whither I followed the pair in time to see them join in the waltz which was just then being played. Now I knew that the princess had never honored Dick in this way before, and I knew, too, that of late she had not even spoken to him in public: therefore I was more perplexed than ever. One of the French *attachés* offered me an explanation of the phenomenon.

"*La belle princesse s'amuse*," said he. "They are going to make her marry the milor, but they tell me she has sworn to lead him a stormy life. That will be the more easy for her, as I believe he is the incarnation of jealousy."

Following the direction of my informant's glance, I caught sight of Lord Chelsfield, whose goggle eyes were fixed upon his betrothed, while he struggled to screw up an intractable set of features into the semblance of a scowl.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said I. And then, having seen enough, I went home to bed.

I was a little disappointed, I confess. In my young days, people who were crossed in love, or forced to marry against their wishes, took their affliction in a different, and I venture to think a more healthy spirit, from that which obtains in modern society; and I must say that I would rather have seen Sybil pale and despairing than reckless. "*Autres temps, autres*

mœurs," thought I to myself, as I blew out my candle. "Perhaps, after all, it comes to much the same thing in the long run."

Mrs. Clifford has long held a theory, built upon I know not what foundation, that it is good for her health to breakfast in her own room. I myself, when I am abroad, adopt the foreign hours, and take a solitary *déjeuner à la fourchette* at mid-day, or thereabouts. I had just made an end of this repast, on the morning after the ball at the French Embassy, when a huge square envelope was brought to me, which I found to enclose a politely-worded request from Cardinal Paolini that I would do him the great favor to call upon him at his residence in the course of the day. He would be ready to receive me, he said, at any hour that might suit me.

My acquaintance with the cardinal being of the most formal character, I felt some curiosity as to his motive for desiring an interview with me, though it was easy to divine that it must have some connection with the princess and her affairs. That her intended alliance with the English lord must have thrown the good man into a state of furious indignation I well knew; and it occurred to me that he might possibly have formed some scheme for using me as a means of persuading or intimidating her into renouncing the project. I was resolved that, should this surmise prove well founded, I would show a bold front to the enemy. I daresay it was a consciousness of having been conspicuously worsted in several recent encounters with members of the opposite sex that made me say to myself with so much determination, as I prepared to obey the cardinal's summons, that I would stand no bullying from him or any other living man. I marched down the shady side of the Via Condotti, and so, across the Corso, to the cardinal's residence in the Via della Scrofa, and rang his door-bell as bold as a lion.

I was at once shown into a small, rather scantily furnished study, where I found the great man in conference with his secretary. He dismissed that functionary as I made my entrance, and rose to receive me, looking dignified and handsome, as he always did, and far more amiable than usual. He took my hand in his well-shaped white fingers, on one of which sparkled a huge archiepiscopal ring, and favored me with that gentle pressure which is the Italian equivalent for a handshake, and which somehow is always rather disagreeable to me.

"I thank you infinitely, sir," he said, in

his own language, "for your kindness in granting me an interview. I should not have ventured to put you to so much trouble had I not known how sincere an interest you take in all that concerns my cousin, the Princess Paolini."

I grunted, not choosing to make civil speeches till I should have heard what was wanted of me; and the cardinal, begging me to take a chair, resumed his own seat, and continued:—

"I have a piece of intelligence to communicate to you, with which you will, I think, be surprised, and I hope pleased. You can hardly have failed to notice that your friend Signor Seaton (a most agreeable and talented young man, with whom I regret that I am but slightly acquainted) has for some time past been attached—very deeply attached—to my cousin."

I smiled, and shrugged my shoulders. It might be so, I said, or it might not. Who could answer for the foolish notions that will get into young men's heads? For you see I was not going to commit myself.

The cardinal leant back in his chair, rested his elbows on the arms, and, folding his hands, peered at me over them with a sidelong, benevolent gaze. "It has been so," he said; "and I may add that the attachment has been mutual."

He paused again; but I was getting bewildered, and judged it best to hold my peace.

"Yes," he repeated, "the attachment has been mutual; and I am happy to announce to you that Signor Seaton and the princess were married at eight o'clock this morning."

I started to my feet with a cry of amazement, called forth not more by the news itself than by the fact that Cardinal Paolini should be the person to communicate it to me. For a moment I really thought that this grave ecclesiastic was making me the subject of a hoax.

"Surely you cannot mean"—I stammered. "Is it possible that this can be true?"

"I have the best reason for knowing it to be so," replied the cardinal, smiling, "since I had myself the honor of performing the ceremony."

After that I felt that nothing could ever astonish me again. I was quite prepared now to hear that Lady Augusta had been present at the wedding, and that Lord Chelsfield had given away the bride. I suppose I must have involuntarily uttered the name of that ill-used nobleman; for the cardinal remarked drily, as if in answer to some observation from me,—

"Ah, Lord Chelsfield—I fear this will be a disappointment to him, and also to Lady Augusta Ferrars. In truth, one of my reasons for seeking an interview with you, sir, was to request you to kindly convey the news to that lady—she having thought fit to use expressions to me, shortly after her arrival in Rome, which have rendered all further intercourse between us impossible. The young couple left by train this morning, and, for reasons the force of which you will easily appreciate, desire their destination to remain a secret for the present."

"But you yourself, *Eminenza*," I could no help saying, "surely this marriage cannot be agreeable to you. I should have thought that the loss of the Paolini estates——"

"It certainly would not have been agreeable to me that the Paolini estates should pass out of the family," he replied calmly. "Happily no such misfortune has occurred. The princess has made a formal and legal transfer of all the landed property and a large portion of the personal estate of her late husband to her cousin, the present prince. I pressed upon her the propriety of some such course in the early days of her widowhood, but she did not at that time see fit to listen to my counsels. The present transfer was made at her own instance, and is therefore the more creditable to her."

I saw it all now. The priest had outwitted the lady after all. The Church was triumphant, and Lady Augusta was nowhere. I picked up my hat and umbrella and prepared to depart.

"I congratulate your Eminence," I said, "upon the excellent bargain that you have made. I regret that I am unable to carry the good news to Lady Augusta Ferrars, as you so obligingly desire me to do; but circumstances compel me to quit Rome immediately. I have the honor to wish you a very good morning."

I hurried back to the hotel, packed up my clothes, left a note for Mrs. Clifford, drove to the station, and never paused again till I was safely on the other side of the Alps. There I ensconced myself in an hotel at Geneva, drew a long breath, and awaited events.

Denunciations of an epistolary kind I did receive in due course; but at these I could afford to smile. The London season was drawing to a close before I again joined Mrs. Clifford; and by that time the Paolini-Seaton scandal was already an old story.

Dick Seaton is now a famous sculptor,

and makes a handsome income, I am told, by his art. Miss O'Grady often visits him and his wife, and I see her from time to time; but she has a poor opinion of me. A little energy on my part, she says, might have saved the Paolini property, and defeated the cardinal and Lady Augusta at one blow. She has never been able to pardon me for the failure of this pretty design; but I don't know that anybody would have been much the happier had it succeeded.

Mrs. Seaton—she dropped her title when she married again—is one of the most agreeable and popular women in London. Everybody unites in singing her praises; but, for my own part, handsome as she is, and charming as she is, I shall never be able to feel quite the same interest in her, in these days of her prosperity, that I did in the beautiful, unfortunate Princess Paolini.

From The Nineteenth Century.
LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET.

PART IV.

THE archbishop's letters show conclusively that the Constitutions were not the real causes of the dispute with the king. The king was willing to leave the Constitutions to be modified by the pope. The archbishop's contest, lying concealed in his favorite phrases, "saving my order," "saving the honor of God," was for the supremacy of the Church over the crown; for the degradation of the civil power into the position of delegate of the pope and bishops. All authority was derived from God. The clergy were the direct ministers of God. Therefore all authority was derived from God through them. However well the assumption might appear in theory, it would not work in practice, and John of Salisbury was right in concluding that the pope would never sanction an assumption which, broadly stated and really acted on, would shake the fabric of the Church throughout Europe. Alexander was dreaming of peace when the news reached him of the excommunications at Vezelay. The news that Chief Justice de Luci had hanged five hundred felonious clerks in England would have caused him less annoyance. Henry's envoys brought with them the bishops' appeal, and renewed the demand for cardinal legates to be sent to end the quarrel. This time the pope decided that the legates should go, carrying with them

powers to take off Becket's censures. He prohibited Becket himself from pursuing his threats further till the cardinals' arrival. To Henry he sent a private letter—which, however, he permitted him to show if circumstances made it necessary—declaring beforehand that any sentences which the archbishop might issue against himself or his subjects should be void.*

The humiliation was terrible; Becket's victims were free, and even rewarded. John of Oxford came back from Rome with the deanery of Salisbury. Worst of all, the cardinals were coming, and those the most dreaded of the whole body, Cardinal Otho and Cardinal William of Pavia. One of them, said John of Salisbury, was light and uncertain, the other crafty and false, and both made up of avarice. These were the ministers of the Holy See, for whose pretensions Becket was fighting. This was his estimate of them when they were to try his own cause. His letters at this moment were filled with despair. "Ridicule has fallen on me," he said, "and shame on the pope. I am to be obeyed no longer. I am betrayed and given to destruction. My deposition is a settled thing. Of this, at least, let the pope assure himself: never will I accept the Cardinal of Pavia for my judge. When they are rid of me, I hear he is to be my successor at Canterbury."†

Becket, however, was not the man to leave the field while life was in him. There was still hope, for war had broken out at last, and Henry and Lewis were killing and burning in each other's territories. If not the instigator, Becket was the occasion, and Lewis, for his own interests, would still be forced to stand by him. He was intensely superstitious. His cause, he was convinced, was God's cause. Hitherto God had allowed him to fail on account of his own deficiencies, and the deficiencies required to be amended. Like certain persons who cut themselves with knives and lancets, he determined now to mortify his flesh in earnest. When settled in his new life at Sens, he rose at daybreak, prayed in his oratory, said mass, and prayed and wept again. Five times each day and night his chaplain flogged him. His food was bread and water, his bed the floor. A hair shirt was not enough without hair drawers which reached his knees, and both were worn till they swarmed with vermin.‡ The car-

* The pope to Henry, December 20, 1166.

† Becket's Letters, Giles, vol. ii., p. 60.

‡ Myths gathered about the state of these garments.

dinals approached, and the prospect grew hourly blacker. The pope rebuked Lewis for the war. The opportunity of the cardinals' presence was to be used for restoration of peace. Poor as Becket was, he could not approach these holy beings on their accessible side. "The Cardinal of Pavia," said John of Salisbury, "thinks only of the king's money, and has no fear of God in him. Cardinal Otho is better: *Romanus tamen et cardinalis* (but he is a Roman and a cardinal). If we submit our cause to them, we lose it to a certainty. If we refuse we offend the king of France." The Cardinal of Pavia wrote to announce to Becket his arrival in France and the purpose of his mission. Becket replied with a violent letter, of which he sent a copy to John of Salisbury, but despatched it before his friend could stop him. John of Salisbury thought that the archbishop had lost his senses. "Compare the cardinal's letter and your answer to it," he said. "What had the cardinal done that you should tell him he was giving you poison? You have no right to insult a cardinal and the pope's legate on his first communication with you. Were he to send your letter to Rome, you might be charged with contumacy. He tells you he is come to close the dispute to the honor of God and the Church. What poison is there in this? He is not to blame because he cautions you not to provoke the king further. Your best friends have often given you the same advice."

With great difficulty Becket was brought to consent to see the cardinals. They came to him at Sens, but stayed for a short time only, and went on to the king in Normandy. The archbishop gathered no comfort from his speech with them. He took to his bell and candles again, and cursed the Bishop of London. He still intended to curse the king and declare an interdict. He wrote to a friend, Cardinal Hyacinth at Rome, to say that he would never submit to the arbitration of the cardinal legates, and bidding him urge the pope to confirm the sentences which he was about to pronounce.* He implored the pope himself to recall the cardinals and unsheath the sword of Peter. To his en-

tire confusion, he learned that the king held a letter from the pope declaring that his curses would be so much wasted breath.

The pope tried to soothe him. Soft words cost Alexander nothing, and, while protecting Henry from spiritual thunders, he assured the archbishop himself that his power should not be taken from him. Nor, indeed, had the violence of Becket's agitation any real occasion. Alexander wished to frighten him into submission, but had no intention of compromising himself by an authoritative decision. Many months passed away, and Becket still refused to plead before the cardinals. At length they let out that their powers extended no further than advice, and Becket, thus satisfied, consented to an official conference. The meeting was held near Gisors, on the frontiers of France and Normandy, on the 18th of November, 1167. The archbishop came attended by his exiled English friends. With the cardinals were a large body of Norman bishops and abbots. The cardinals, earnest for peace if they could bring their refractory patient to consent to it, laid before him the general unfitness of the quarrel. They accused him of ingratitude, of want of loyalty to his sovereign, and, among other things, of having instigated the war.*

The last charge the archbishop sharply denied, and Lewis afterwards acquitted him also. For the rest he said that the king had begun by attacking the Church. He was willing to consent to any reasonable terms of arrangement, with security for God's honor, proper respect for himself, and the restoration of his estates. They asked if he would recognize the Constitutions; he said that no such engagement had been required of his predecessors, and ought not to be required of him. "The book of abominations," as he called the Constitutions, was produced and read, and he challenged the cardinals to affirm that Christian men should obey such laws.

Henry was prepared to accept the smallest concession; nothing need be said about the Constitutions if Becket would go back to Canterbury, resume his duties, and give a general promise to be quiet. The archbishop answered that there was a proverb in England that silence gave consent. The question had been raised, and could not now be passed over. The cardinals asked if he would accept their judgment

One day, we are told, he was dining with the queen of France. She observed that his sleeves were fastened unusually tightly at the wrist, and that something moved inside them. He tried to evade her curiosity, for the moving things were maggots. But she pressed her questions till he was obliged to loosen the strings. Pearls of choicest size and color rolled upon the table. The queen wished to keep one, but it could not be. The pearls were restored to the sleeve, and became maggots as before. — Materials, vol. ii., p. 296.

* Giles, vol. ii., p. 86.

* "Imponens ei inter cætera quod excitaverat guerram regis Francorum." — Materials, vol. i., p. 66.

on the whole cause. He said that he would go into court before them or any one whom the pope might appoint, as soon as his property was restored to him. In his present poverty he could not encounter the expense of a lawsuit.

Curious satire on Becket's whole contention, none the less so that he was himself unconscious of the absurdity! He withdrew from the conference, believing that he had gained a victory, and he again began to meditate drawing his spiritual sword. Messengers on all sides again flew off to Rome, from the king and English bishops, from the cardinals, from Becket himself. The king and bishops placed themselves under the pope's protection should the archbishop begin his curses. The Constitutions were once more placed at the pope's discretion to modify at his pleasure. The cardinals wrote charging Becket with being the sole cause of the continuance of the quarrel, and in spite of his denials persisting in accusing him of having caused the war. Becket prayed again for the cardinals' recall, and for the pope's sanction of more vigorous action.

He had not yet done with the cardinals; they knew him, and they knew his restless humor. Pending fresh resolutions from Rome, they suspended him, and left him incapable either of excommunicating or exercising any other function of spiritual authority whatsoever. Once more he was plunged into despair.

Through those legates he cried in his anguish to the pope: "We are made a derision to those about us. My lord, have pity on me. You are my refuge. I can scarcely breathe for anguish. My harp is turned to mourning, and my joy to sadness. The last error is worse than the first."

The pope seemed deaf to his lamentations. The suspension was not removed. Plans were formed for his translation from Canterbury to some other preferment. He said he would rather be killed. The pope wrote so graciously to Henry that the king said he for the first time felt that he was sovereign in his own realm. John of Salisbury's mournful conviction was that the game was at last played out. "We know those Romans," he sighed; "*qui munere potentior est, potentior est jure*." The antipope could not have done more for the king than they have done. It will be written in the annals of the Holy See that the herald of truth, the champion of liberty, the preacher of the law of the Lord, has been deprived and treated as a

criminal at the threats of an English prince."

It is hard to say what influence again turned the scale. Perhaps Alexander was encouraged by the failures of Barbarossa in Italy. Perhaps Henry had been too triumphant, and had irritated the pope and cardinals by producing their letters, and speaking too frankly of the influences by which the holy men had been bound to his side.* In accepting Henry's money they had not bargained for exposure. They were ashamed and sore, and Becket grew again into favor. The pope at the end of 1168 gave him back his powers, permitting him to excommunicate even Henry himself unless he repented before the ensuing Easter. The legates were recalled as Becket desired. Cardinal Otho recommended the king to make his peace on the best terms which he could get. John of Salisbury, less confident, but with amused contempt of the chameleonlike Alexander, advised Henry, through the Bishop of Poitiers, to treat with the archbishop immediately, *nec mediante Romano episcopo, nec rege Francia nec operâ cardinalium*, without help either of pope, of French king, or cardinals. Since Becket could not be frightened, Alexander was perhaps trying what could be done with Henry; but he was eager as any one for an end of some kind to a business which was now adding disgrace and scandal to its other mischiefs. Peace was arranged at last between Lewis and Henry. The English king gave up a point for which he had long contended, and consented to do homage for Normandy and Anjou. The day after Epiphany, January 7, 1169, the two princes met at Montmirail, between Chartres and Le Mans, attended by their peers and prelates.

In the general pacification the central disturber was, if possible, to be included. The pope had sent commissioners, as we should call them — Simon, prior of Mont-dieu, Engelbert, prior of Val St. Pierre, and Bernard de Corilo — to advise and, if possible, guide Becket into wiser courses. The political ceremonies were accomplished, Lewis and Henry were reconciled amidst general satisfaction and enthusiasm. Becket was then introduced, led in by the Archbishop of Sens, the son of the aged Theobald, Count of Blois. Henry and he had not met since the Northampton council. He threw himself in apparent humility at the king's feet. "My

* John of Salisbury, Letters, vol. ii., p. 144, ed. Giles.

lord," he said, "I ask you to forgive me. I place myself in God's hands and in yours." * At a preliminary meeting the pope's envoys and the French clergy had urged him to submit without conditions. He had insisted on his usual reservation, but they had objected to saving clauses. He seemed now inclined ready to yield, so Herbert de Bosham says, and Herbert whispered to him to stand firm.

"My lord king," said Henry, after Becket had made his general submission, "and you my lords and prelates, what I require of the archbishop is no more than that he will observe the laws which have been observed by his predecessors. I ask him now to give me that promise." Becket no longer answered with a reservation of his order: he changed the phrase. He promised obedience, saving the honor of God.

"You wish," replied Henry, powerfully disappointed and displeased, "to be king in my place. This man," he continued, turning to Lewis, "deserted his Church of his own will, and he tells you and all men that his cause is the cause of the Church. He has governed his Church with as much freedom as those who have gone before him, but now he stands on God's honor to oppose me wherever he pleases, as if I cared for God's honor less than he. I make this proposal. Many kings have ruled in England before me, some less, some greater than I am; many holy men have been Archbishops of Canterbury before him. Let him behave to me as the most sainted of his predecessors behaved to the least worthy of mine, and I am content."

The king's demand seemed just and moderate to all present.† The archbishop hesitated. Lewis asked him if he aspired to be greater than acknowledged saints. His predecessors, he said, had extirpated some abuses, but not all. There was work which remained to be done. He was stopped by a general outcry that the king had yielded enough; the saving clause must be dropped. At once, at the tone of command, Becket's spirit rose. Priests and bishops, he answered defiantly, were not to submit to men of this world save with reservations: he for one would not do it.

The meeting broke up in confusion. A French noble said that the archbishop was abusing their hospitality, and did not

deserve any longer protection. Henry mounted his horse and rode sadly away. The pope's agents followed him, wringing their hands and begging for some slight additional concession. The king told them that they must address themselves to the archbishop. Let the archbishop bind himself to obey the laws. If the laws were amiss, they should be modified by the pope's wishes. In no country in the world, he said, had the clergy so much liberty as in England, and in no country were their greater villains among them. For the sake of peace he did not insist on terms precisely defined. The archbishop was required to do nothing beyond what had been done by Anselm.

Becket, however, was again immovable as stone. Lewis, after a brief coldness, took him back into favor. His power of cursing had been restored to him. The doubt was only whether the pope had recalled the safeguards which he had given to the king. The pope's agents, on the failure of the conference, gave Henry a second letter, in which Alexander told him that, unless peace was made, he could not restrain the archbishop longer. Again representatives of the various parties hurried off to Rome, Becket insisting that if the pope would only be firm the king would yield, Henry embarrassing the pope more completely than threats of schism could have done by placing the Constitutions unreservedly in his hands, and binding himself to adopt any change which the pope might suggest. Becket, feverish and impatient, would not wait for the pope's decision, and preferred to force his hand by action. He summoned the bishops of London and Salisbury to appear before him. They appealed to Rome, but their appeal was disregarded. Appeals, as Becket characteristically said, were not allowed in order to shield the guilty, but to protect the innocent. On Palm Sunday, at Clairvaux, he took once more to his bell and candles. He excommunicated the two bishops and every one who had been concerned with his property—the Earl of Norfolk, Sir Ranulf de Broc, whom he peculiarly hated, Robert de Broc, and various other persons. The chief justice he threatened. The king he still left unmentioned, for fear of provoking the pope too far.

Harassed on both sides, knowing perfectly well on which side good sense and justice lay, yet not daring to declare Becket wrong, and accept what, after all that had passed, would be construed into a defeat of the Church, the unfortunate

* "Miserere mei, domine, quia pono me in Deo et vobis ad honorem Dei et vestrum."

† "Rem justam et modestam visus est omnibus postulare."

Alexander drifted on as he best could, writing letters in one sense one day and contradicting them the next. On the surface he seemed hopelessly false. The falsehood was no more than weakness, a specious anxiety to please the king without offending the archbishop, and trusting to time and weariness to bring about an end. There is no occasion to follow the details of his duplicities. Two legates were again sent — not cardinals this time, but ecclesiastical lawyers, Gratian and Vivian — bound by oath this time to cause no scandal by accepting bribes. As usual, the choice was impartial; Gratian was for Becket, Vivian for the king. So long as his excommunications were allowed to stand, Becket cared little who might come. He added the chief justice to the list of the accursed, as he had threatened to do. He wrote to the Bishop of Ostia that the king's disposition could only be amended by punishment. The serpent head of the iniquity must now be bruised, and he bade the bishop impress the necessity of it upon the pope. Gratian was taken into Becket's confidence. Vivian he treated coldly and contemptuously. According to Herbert and Becket's friends, Gratian reported that the king was shifty and false, and that his object was to betray the Church and the archbishop. Henry himself declared that he assented to all that they proposed to him, and Dico to says that the legates were on the point of giving judgment in Henry's favor when the Archbishop of Sens interposed and forbade them. In the confusion of statement the actions of either party alone can be usefully attended to, and behind the acts of all, or at least of the pope, there was the usual ambiguity. Alexander threatened the king. He again empowered Becket to use whatever power he possessed to bring him to submission, and he promised to confirm his sentences.* As certainly he had secret conferences at Rome with Henry's envoys, and promised, on the other hand, that the archbishop should not be allowed to hurt him. Becket, furious and uncontrollable, called the Bishop of London a parricide, an infidel, a Goliath, a son of Belial; he charged the Bishop of Hereford to see that the sentence against Foliot and his brother of Salisbury should be observed in England. Henry, on the other hand, assured Foliot of protection, and sent him to Rome with letters from himself to pursue his appeal and receive absolution from the pope himself. The Count of Flanders interposed,

the Count of Mayence interposed, but without effect. At length on the 18th of November, the anniversary of the conference with the cardinals at Gisors, Henry and Lewis met again at Montmartre outside Paris, Becket and his friends being in attendance in an adjoining chapel. Gratian had returned to Rome. Vivian was present, and pressed Lewis to bring the archbishop to reason. Lewis really exerted himself, and not entirely unsuccessfully. Henry was even more moderate than before. The Constitutions, by the confession of Becket's biographer, Herbert, who was with him on the spot, were practically abandoned. Henry's only condition was that the archbishop should not usurp the functions of the civil power; he, on his part, undertaking not to strain the prerogative. Becket dropped his saving clause, and consented to make the promise required of him, if the king would restore his estates, and give him compensation for the arrears rents, which he estimated at 20,000*l*. Lewis said that money ought not to be an obstacle to peace. It was unworthy of the archbishop to raise so poor a difficulty. But here, too, Henry gave way. An impartial estimate should be made, and Becket was to be repaid.

But now, no more than before, had the archbishop any real intention of submitting. His only fear was of offending Lewis. The Archbishop of Sens had gone to Rome to persuade the pope to give him legatine powers over Henry's French dominions. The censures of the Church might be resisted in England. If Normandy, Anjou, and Aquitaine were laid under interdict, these two spiritual conspirators had concluded that the king would be forced to surrender. Becket was daily expecting a favorable answer, and meanwhile was protracting the time. He demanded guarantees. He did not suspect the king, he said, but he suspected his courtiers. John of Salisbury had cautioned him, and the pope had cautioned him, against so indecent a requisition. Lewis said it was unreasonable. Becket said then that he must have the kiss of peace as a sign that the king was really reconciled to him. He probably knew that the kiss would and must be withheld from him until he had given proofs that he meant in earnest to carry out his engagements. The king said coldly that he did not mean, and had never meant, to injure the Church. He was willing to leave the whole question between himself and the archbishop either to the peers and prelates of France or to the French universities.

* "Quod ea quæ statuerit non mutabuntur."

More he could not do. The conference at Montmartre ended, as Becket meant that it should end, in nothing.

He sent off despatches to the Archbishop of Sens and to his Roman agents, entirely well satisfied with himself, and bidding them tell the pope that Normandy had only to be laid under interdict, and that the field was won. Once more he had painfully to discover that he had been building on a quicksand. Instead of the interdict, the pope sent orders to the Archbishop of Rouen and the Bishop of Nevers to absolve a second time the victims whom he had excommunicated at Clairvaux. Instead of encouragement to go on and smite the king with the spiritual sword, he received a distinct command to abstain for another interval. Last of all, and worst of all, the pope informed him that at the king's request, for certain important purposes, he had granted a commission, as legate over all England, to his rival and enemy the Archbishop of York. The king's envoys had promised that the commission should not be handed to the Archbishop of York till the pope had been again consulted. But the deed was done. The letter had been signed and delivered.* The hair shirt and the five daily floggings had been in vain then! Heaven was still inexorable. The archbishop raved like a madman. "Satan was set free for the destruction of the Church." "At Rome it was always the same. Barabbas was let go, and Christ was crucified." "Come what might, he would never submit, but he would trouble the Roman Church no more."†

Becket had now been for more than five years in exile. He had fought for victory with a tenacity which would have done him credit had his cause been less preposterous. At length it seemed that hope was finally gone. At the supreme moment another opportunity was thrust into his hands. Henry's health was uncertain; he had once been dangerously ill. The succession to the English crown had not yet settled into fixed routine. Of the Conqueror's sons William had been preferred to Robert. Stephen supplanted Matilda; but the son of Stephen was set aside for Matilda's son. To prevent disputes it had been long decided that Prince Henry must be crowned and receive the homage of the barons while his father was still living.

The pope in person had been invited to perform the ceremony. The pope had found it impossible to go, and among the other inconveniences resulting from Becket's absence the indefinite postponement of this coronation had not been the lightest. The king had been reluctant to invade the acknowledged privilege of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and had put it off from year to year. But the country was growing impatient. The archbishop's exile might now be indefinitely protracted. The delay was growing dangerous, and the object of the commission for which the king had asked, and which the pope had granted to the Archbishop of York, was to enable the Archbishop of York to act in the coronation ceremony. The commission in its terms was all that Henry could desire; the pope not only permitted the Archbishop of York to officiate, but enjoined him to do it. Promises were said to have been given that it was not to be used without the pope's consent; but in such a labyrinth of lies little reliance can be placed on statements unconfirmed by writing. The pope did not pretend that he had exacted from the English envoys any written engagement. He had himself signed a paper giving the Archbishop of York the necessary powers, and this paper was in the king's hands.* The coronation was the symbol of the struggle in which Becket was now engaged. The sovereign, according to his theory, was the delegate of the Church. In receiving the crown from the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the sovereign formally admitted his dependent position; and so long as it could be maintained that the coronation would not hold unless it was performed either by the Archbishop of Canterbury or by the pope himself, the sovereign's subject state was a practical reality.

Becket saw the favorable moment, and instantly snatched at it. He had many powerful friends in England among the peers and knights. The lay peers, he says in his letters, had always been truer to him than the clergy, they on their part having their own differences with the crown. He had ascertained that the coronation could not be postponed; and if he could make the validity of it to depend on his own presence, he might redeem his past mortifications, and bring Henry to his feet after all. He knew Alexander's nature, and set his agents to work

* Matthew Paris, *Chronica Majora*, pp. 549, 250.

† Becket to Cardinal Albert. Giles, vol. ii., p. 251.

* Giles, vol. ii., pp. 257-8. The commission quoted by Giles is evidently the same as that to which the pope referred in his letter to Becket.

upon him. He told them to say that if the coronation was accomplished without his own presence the power of the Roman see in England was gone; and thus, when all seemed lost, he gained the feeble and uncertain pope to his side once more. In keeping with his conduct throughout the whole Becket difficulty, Alexander did not revoke his previous letter. He left it standing as something to appeal to, as an evidence of his good-will to Henry. But he issued another injunction to the Archbishop of York, strictly forbidding him to officiate; and he enclosed the injunction to Becket to be used by him in whatever manner he might think fit. The Archbishop of York never received this letter. It was given, we are told, to the Bishop of Worcester, who was in Normandy, and was on the point of returning to England. The Bishop of Worcester was detained, and it did not reach its destination. So runs the story; but the parts will not fit one another, and there is a mystery left unexplained.* This only is certain, that the inhibition was not served on the Archbishop of York. Rumor may have reached England that such a thing had been issued; but the commission which had been formerly granted remained legally unrevoked, and on the 18th of June Prince Henry was crowned at Westminster in his father's presence by the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London, Durham, Rochester, and Salisbury.

It was easy now for Becket to represent to Alexander that the English bishops had rewarded his kindness to them by defying his positive injunctions. To the superstitious English barons the existence of the inhibition threw a doubt on the legality of the coronation, and as men's minds then were, and with the wild lawless disposition of such lion cubs as the Plantagenet princes, a tainted title would too surely mean civil war. By ill-fortune offence was given at the same time to Lewis, who considered that his daughter should have been crowned with her husband, and he resented what he chose to regard as a wilful slight. The pope was told that the coronation oath had been altered, that the liberties of the Church

had been omitted, and that the young king had been sworn to maintain the Constitutions of Clarendon. Becket made the most of his opportunity; mistakes, exaggerations, wilful lies, and culpable credulity, did their work effectively; Lewis went to war again, and invaded Normandy; the pope, believing that he had been tricked and insulted, commanded Henry to make peace with the archbishop under threat of instant personal excommunication of himself and an interdict over his whole dominions. Henry flew back from England to Normandy. In a month he dispelled the illusions of Lewis, and restored peace. It was less easy to calm Alexander, who regarded himself, if not openly defied, yet as betrayed by the breach of the promise that the commission to the Archbishop of York should not be used without a fresh permission from himself. Henry knew that a sentence of excommunication against himself, and an interdict over his French dominions, was seriously possible. The risk was too great to be incurred without another effort to compose the weary quarrel. The archbishop, too, on his side had been taught by often repeated experience that the pope was a broken reed. Many times the battle seemed to have been won, and the pope's weakness or ill-will had snatched the victory from him. He had left England because he thought the Continent a more promising field of battle for him. He began to think that final success, if he was ever to obtain it, would only be possible to him in his own see, among his own people, surrounded by his powerful friends. He too, on his side, was ready for a form of agreement which would allow him to return and repossess himself of the large revenues of which he had felt the want so terribly. More than once he and Henry met and separated without a conclusion. At length at Fréteval in Vendôme, on St. Mary Magdalen's day, July 22, an interview took place in the presence of Lewis and a vast assemblage of prelates and knights and nobles; where, on the terms which had been arranged at Montmartre, the king and the archbishop consented to be reconciled. The kiss which before had been the difficulty was not offered by Henry and was not demanded by Becket; but according to the account given by Herbert, who describes what he himself witnessed, and relates what Becket told him, after the main points were settled, the king and the archbishop rode apart out of hearing of every one but themselves. There the archbishop asked the king

* It would appear from a letter of John of Salisbury that the prohibitory letter had been purposely withheld by Becket, who was allowing himself to be guided by some idle *vaticinia* or prophecies. John of Salisbury writes to him (Letters, vol. ii, p. 236): "*Memineritis quantum periculum et infortunium ad se traxerit mora porrigendi . . . prohibitorias Eboracensi archiepiscopo et episcopis transmarinis . . . Subtilitatem vestram vaticinia quæ non erant a Spiritu deluserunt. . . . Vaticiniis ergo renunciemus in posterum, quia nos in hac parte gravius infortunia perculerunt.*"

whether he might censure the bishops who had officiated at the coronation. The king, so the archbishop informed his friends, gave his full and free consent. The archbishop sprang from his horse in gratitude to the king's feet. The king alighted as hastily, and held the archbishop's stirrup as he remounted. These gestures the spectators saw and wondered at, unable, as Herbert says, to conjecture what was passing till it was afterwards explained to them.

That the king should have consented as absolutely and unconditionally as Becket said that he did, or even that he should have consented at all in Becket's sense of the word, to the excommunication of persons who had acted by his own orders and under a supposed authority from the pope, is so unlikely in itself, so inconsistent with Henry's conduct afterwards, that we may feel assured that Henry's account of what took place would, if we knew it, have been singularly different. But we are met with a further difficulty. Herbert says positively that the conversation between Becket and the king was private between themselves, that no one heard it or knew the subject of it except from Becket's report. Count Theobald of Blois asserted, in a letter to the pope, that in his presence (*me presente*) the archbishop complained of the conduct of the English prelates, and that the king empowered him to pass sentence on them. Yet more remarkably, the archbishop afterwards at Canterbury insisted to Reginald Fitzurse that the king's promises to him had been given in the audience of five hundred peers, knights, and prelates, and that Sir Reginald himself was among the audience. Fitzurse denied that he heard the king give any sanction to the punishment of the bishops. He treated Becket's declaration as absurd and incredible on the face of it. The Count of Blois may have confounded what he himself heard with what Becket told him afterwards, or he may have referred to some other occasion. The charge against the king rests substantially on Becket's own uncorrected word; while, on the other side, are the internal unlikelihood of the permission in itself and the inconsistency of Becket's subsequent action with a belief that he had the king's sanction for what he intended to do. Had he supposed that the king would approve, he would have acted openly and at once. Instead of consulting the king, he had no sooner left the Fréteval conference than he privately obtained from the pope letters of suspension against the Archbishop of

York and the Bishop of Durham, and letters of excommunication against the bishops of London, Salisbury, and Rochester; and while he permitted Henry to believe that he was going home to govern his diocese in peace,* he had instruments in his portfolio which were to explode in lightning the moment that he set foot in England, and convulse the country once more.

J. A. FROUDE.

* "Archiepiscopus pacem mecum fecit ad voluntatem meam."

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GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.,

In conjunction with an American writer.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE COLLAPSE.

LORD WILLOWBY had heard of the arrival of his son-in-law at the Lilacs; and on the following morning he drove over to see if he were still there. He found Balfour alone, Mr. Bolitho having gone up to town by an early train.

"What a lucky chance!" said Lord Willowby, with one of his sudden and galvanic smiles. "If you have nothing better to do, why not go on with me to the Hollow? You know this is the first day of the sale there."

"Well, yes, I will go over with you for an hour or so; I need not be up in town before the afternoon," answered Balfour. "And I should like to see how that fellow lived."

He certainly did not propose to himself to buy any second-hand chairs, books, or candlesticks at this sale; nor did he imagine that his father-in-law had much superfluous cash to dispose of in that way. But he had some curiosity to see what sort of house this was that had lately for its occupant a person who had given rise to a good deal of gossip in that neighborhood. He was a man who had suddenly inherited a large fortune, and who had set to work to spend it lavishly. His

reputation and habits being a trifle "off color," as the phrase is, he had fallen back for companionship on a number of parasitical persons, who doubtless earned a liberal commission on the foolish purchases they induced him to make. Then this Surrey Sardanapalus, having surrounded himself with all the sham gorgeousness he could think of, proceeded to put an end to himself by means of brandy-and-soda. He effected his purpose in a short time, and that is all that need here be said of him.

It was a pitiable sight enough — this great, castellated, beplastered, ostentatious house, that had a certain gloom and isolation about it, handed over to the occupancy of a cheerfully inquisitive crowd, who showed no hesitation at all in fingering over the dead man's trinkets, and opening his desks and cabinets. His very clothes were hanging up there in a ghastly row, each article numbered off as a lot. In the room in which he had but recently died, a fine, tall, fresh-colored farmer — dressed for the occasion in broadcloth — was discussing with his wife what price the bedstead would probably fetch. And there was a bar, with sherry and sandwiches. And on the lawn outside the auctioneer had put up his tent, and the flag erected over the tent was of the gayest colors.

Lord Willowby and Balfour strolled through these rooms, both forbearing to say what they thought of all this tawdry magnificence: panellings of blue silk and silver, with a carpet of pink roses on a green ground, candelabra, costing £1800, the auctioneer's reserve price on which was £300, improvised ancestors at a guinea a head, looking out of gorgeous frames, and so forth, and so forth. They glanced at the catalogue occasionally. It was an imposing volume, and the descriptions of the contents of the house were almost poetical.

"Look at the wines," said Lord Willowby, with a compassionate smile. "The claret is nearly all Lafitte. I suppose those toadies of his have supplied him with a *vin ordinaire* at one hundred and twenty shillings a dozen."

"I should not be surprised if a lot of these spurious things sold for more than he gave for them," Balfour said. "You will find people imagining everything to be fine because a rich man bought it. That claret would fetch a high price, depend on it, if it was all labelled 'Château Wandsworth.'"

Then there was the ringing of a bell; and the people began to stream out of the

house into the marquee; and the auctioneer had an improvised rostrum put up for himself at the end of the long table; and then the bare-armed men began to carry out the various articles to be bid for. It was soon very evident that prices were running high. No doubt the farmers about would be proud to show to their friends a despatch-box, a bird-cage, a hall table — anything that had belonged to the owner of the Hollow. And so the ostentatious trash, that even Tottenham Court Road would have been ashamed of, was carried piecemeal out into the light of the day; and in some instances these simple folk considered it to be so beautiful that a murmur of admiration ran round the tent when the things were brought in. It was altogether a melancholy sight.

Balfour had accompanied Lord Willowby solely from the fact of his having an idle forenoon to dispose of; but he could not quite make out what his father-in-law's purpose was in coming here. For one thing, he appeared to be quite indifferent about the sale itself. He had listened to one or two of the biddings; and then — saying that the prices were ridiculously high — had proposed a further stroll through the rooms. So they entered the house again, and had another look at the old masters (dating from the latter half of the nineteenth century) and at the trumpery gilt and satin.

"Ah, well, Balfour," said Lord Willowby, with a pensive air, "one can almost pity that poor fellow, having his house overhauled by strangers in this way. Fortunately he knows nothing about it. It must be much worse when you are alive and know what is going on; and I fancy — well, perhaps there is no use speaking of it — but I suppose I must go through it. What distresses me most is the thought of these merry people who are here to-day going through my daughter's room and pulling about her few little treasures that she did not take with her when she married —"

Lord Willowby stopped; doubtless overcome by emotion. But Balfour — with a face that had flushed at this sudden mention of Lady Sylvia — turned to him with a stare of surprise.

"What do you mean, Lord Willowby?"

"Well," said his lordship, with a resigned air, "I suppose I must come to this, too. I don't see how I can hold on at the Hall any longer; I am wearing my life out with anxiety."

"You don't mean to say you mean to sell Willowby Hall?"

"How can I help it? And even then I don't know whether I shall clear the mortgages."

"Come," said Balfour, for there were several of the auctioneer's men about, "let us go out into the garden, and have a talk about this business."

They went out. It did not occur to Balfour why Lord Willowby had been so anxious for him to come to this sale; nor did he consider how skilfully that brief allusion to Lady Sylvia's room in her old home had been brought in. He was really alarmed by this proposal. He knew the grief it would occasion to his wife; he knew, too, that in the opinion of the world this public humiliation would in a measure reflect on himself. He remonstrated severely with Lord Willowby. What good could be gained by this step? If he could not afford to live at the Hall, why not let it for a term of years, and go up to London to live, or, if the shooting of rabbits was a necessity, to some smaller place in the country? And what sum would relieve his present needs, and also put him in a fair way of pulling his finances together again? He hoped Lord Willowby would speak frankly, as no good ever came of concealing parts of the truth.

That Lord Willowby did disclose the whole truth it would be rash to assert; but, at all events, his dramatic little scheme worked so well that before the talk and walk in the grounds of the Hollow were over, Balfour had promised to make him an immediate advance of £10,000, not secured by any mortgage whatever, but merely to be acknowledged by note of hand. Lord Willowby was profoundly grateful. He explained, with some dignity, that he was a man of few words, and did not care to express all his feelings, but that he would not soon forget this urgently needed help. And as to the urgency of the help he made one or two references.

"I think I might be able to see my partners this afternoon," Balfour said in reply. "Then we should only have to step across to our solicitors. There need be no delay, if you are really pressed for the money."

"My dear fellow," said Lord Willowby, "you don't know what a load you have taken from my breast. I would have sold the Hall long ago, but for Sylvia's sake; I know it would break her heart. I will write out at once to her to say how kind you have been —"

"I hope you will not do that," Balfour said, suddenly. "The fact is — well,

these business matters are better kept among men. She would be disturbed and anxious. Pray don't say anything about it."

"As you please," Lord Willowby said. "But I know when she comes back she won't be sorry to find the old Hall awaiting her. It will be her own in the natural course of things — perhaps sooner than any one expects."

It was strange that a man who had just been presented with £10,000 should begin to indulge in these melancholy reflections; but then Lord Willowby had obviously been impressed by this sad sight of the sale; and it was with almost a dejected air that he consented — seeing that his son-in-law would now have no time to get luncheon anywhere before leaving by the midday train — to go to the refreshment-bar and partake of such humble cheer as was there provided. It was not the dead man's sherry they drank, but that of the refreshment-contractor. They stood for a few moments there, listening to the eager comments of one or two people who had been bidding for a box of games (it cost £10, and went for £23) and a cockatoo; and then Lord Willowby had the horses put to, and himself drove Balfour all the way to the station. He shook hands with him warmly. He begged of him not to hurry or bother about this matter; but still, at the same time, if there was no obstacle in the way, it was always comforting to have such things settled quickly, and so forth.

Balfour got up to London, and went straight to the offices of his firm in the city. Perhaps he was not sorry to make the visit just at this juncture; for although it would be exaggeration to say that the hints dropped by Bolitho had disquieted him, they had nevertheless remained in his mind. Before this, too, it had sometimes occurred to him that he ought to take a greater interest in that vast commercial system which it had been the pride of his father's life to build up. It seemed almost ungrateful that he should limit his interference to a mere glance at the profit and loss and capital accounts. But then, on the other hand, it was his own father who had taught him to place implicit confidence in these carefully chosen partners.

Balfour was shown up-stairs to Mr. Skinner's room. That gentleman was sitting alone at his desk, with some letters before him. He was a small, prim, elderly, and precisely-dressed person, with gray whiskers, and a somewhat careworn

face. When Balfour entered, he smiled cheerfully, and nodded toward a chair.

"Ah, how do you do, Balfour? What's new with you? Anything going on at the House? I wish Parliament would do something for us business men."

"You have plenty of representatives there, anyhow, Mr. Skinner," said Balfour — the "Mr." was a tradition from his boyish visits to the office, when the young gentleman used to regard his father's partners with considerable awe — "but at present my call is a personal and private one. The fact is, I want to oblige a particular friend of mine — I want you to let me have £10,000 at once."

"£10,000? Oh, yes, I think we can manage that," said Mr. Skinner, with a pleasant smile.

The thing was quite easily and cheerfully settled, and Balfour proceeded to chat about one or two other matters to this old friend of his, whom he had not seen for some time. But he soon perceived that Mr. Skinner was not hearing one word he said. Moreover, a curious gray look had come over his face.

"You don't look very well," said this blunt-spoken young man.

"Oh yes, thank you," said Mr. Skinner, quite brightly. "I was only thinking — since you were here, anyway — we might have a short talk about business matters, if Mr. Green agrees. I will see whether he is in his room."

He rose, opened the door, and went out. Balfour thought to himself that poor old Skinner was aging fast; he seemed quite frail on his legs.

Mr. Skinner was gone for fully ten minutes, and Balfour was beginning to wonder what could have occurred, when the two partners entered together. He shook hands with Mr. Green — a taller and stouter man, with a sallow face, and spectacles. They all sat down, and, despite himself, Balfour began to entertain suspicions that something was wrong. Why all this nervousness and solemnity?

"Balfour," said Mr. Skinner, "Green and I are agreed. We must tell you now how we stand; and you have to prepare yourself for a shock. We have kept you in ignorance all this time — we have kept our own clerks in ignorance — hoping against hope — fearful of any human being letting the secret go out and ruin us; and now — now it is useless any longer —"

It was no ordinary thing that had so disturbed this prim old man. His lips were so dry that he could scarcely speak.

He poured out a glass of water and drank a little. Meanwhile Balfour, who merely expected to hear of heavy business losses, was sitting calm and unimpressed.

"But first of all, Mr. Green, you know," said he, "don't think that I am pressing you for this £10,000. Of course I would rather have it; but if it is necessary to you —"

"£10,000!" exclaimed the wretched old man, with the frankness and energy of despair; "if we go into the *Gazette*, it will be for half a million!"

The *Gazette*! The word was a blow; and he sat stunned and bewildered, while both partners were eagerly explaining the desperate means that had been taken to avoid this fatal issue, and the preliminary causes, stretching back for several years. He could not understand. It was as if in a dream that he heard of the investments account, of the China capital account, of the fall in property in Shanghai, of speculations in cotton, of bill transactions on the part of the younger partners, of this frantic effort and that. It was the one word *Gazette* that kept dinging itself into his ears. And then he seemed to make a wild effort to throw off this nightmare.

"But how can it be?" he cried. "How can these things have been going on? Every six months I have looked over the profit-and-loss account —"

The old man came over and took his hand in both of his. There were tears in his eyes.

"Balfour," said he, "your father and I were old friends while you were only a child; if he were alive, he would tell you that we acted justly. We dared not let you know. We dared not let our own clerks know. We had to keep accounts open under fictitious names. If we had written off these fearful losses to profit and loss, we should have been smashed a year ago. And now — I don't think any further concealment is possible."

He let the hand fall.

"Then I understand you that we are hopelessly bankrupt?" said Balfour.

He did not answer; his silence was enough.

"You mean that I have not a farthing?" repeated the younger man.

"You have the money that was settled on your wife," said Mr. Skinner eagerly. "I was very glad when you applied for that."

"It will be returned to you; I can not defraud my father's creditors," said Balfour, coldly.

And then he rose: no one could have told what he had undergone during that half-hour.

"Good-by, Mr. Skinner; good-by, Mr. Green," said he. "I can scarcely forgive you for keeping me in ignorance of all this, though doubtless you did it for the best. And when is the crash to be announced?"

"Now that we have seen you, I think we might as well call in our solicitors at once," said Mr. Skinner.

"I think so too," said the other partner; and then Balfour left.

He plunged into the busy, eager world outside. The office boy was whistling merrily as he passed, the cabmen bandying jokes, smart young clerks hurrying over the latter part of their duties to get home to their amusements in the suburbs. He walked all the way down to the House, and quite mechanically took his seat. He dined by himself, with singular abstemiousness, but then no one was surprised at that. And then he walked up to his house in Piccadilly.

And this was the end — the end of all those fine ambitions that had floated before his mind as he left college, equipped for the struggle of public life with abundant health and strength and money and courage. Had his courage, then, fled with his wealth, that now he seemed altogether stunned by this sudden blow? Or was it rather that, in other circumstances, he might have encountered this calamity with tolerable firmness, but that now, and at the same time, he found himself ruined, forsaken, and alone?

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A STUDY OF LOWER LIFE.

As has well been observed, the phrase *omne ignotum pro magnifico* is not more appropriate or true than its reverse or opposite. And it constitutes one of the greatest advantages of natural-history study, that it directs our attention to new and curious features in the commonest living forms around us, and, by aiding both our mental and physical perceptions, largely extends the range of the most commonplace observation. The "sight" of the natural historian is, in fact, anything but "unassisted;" but, on the contrary, discerns beauty and grace where vision of the latter description could perceive nothing worthy of attention or study. If Pope's dictum, that "the proper study of mankind

is man," be accepted as literally true, and as tending to limit human observation to the investigation of its own peculiarities, the zoologist may fitly remind the poet that the study of lower forms not only assists our appreciation of human affairs, but sometimes actually explains and elucidates points in man's history which otherwise would remain utterly obscure. Thus the spirit of a liberal science is most decided in its opposition to any exclusiveness in the objects submitted to its scrutiny; since, recognizing the independence of the various branches of knowledge, we learn that the advance of one study really means the improvement of all.

No better illustration of the manner in which a simple study in biology may be made to form a text for the illustration of some facts and points interesting to the world at large can well be selected, than that comprised in the life-history of the little animal known as the hydra, or "common fresh-water polype." The examination of this common denizen of our pools and ditches may convince the sceptical that the issues of scientific study are not only varied and interesting, but that they also sometimes lead us to contemplate phases of life and growth not very far removed from some of the most important problems which can well occupy the consideration of the human mind.

The hydra of the zoologist by no means recalls to mind, as regards its form at any rate, the famous being of mythological lore; although, as will hereafter be noted, in certain of its features, the modern hydra may fitly bear comparison with its mythical namesake. If we take some water from a quiet pool, which has become stagnant and overgrown with lower plant life and water-weeds flourishing apace under the kindly influences of the summer sun, and place this water along with a small quantity of the weeds in a clear glass vessel exposed to the light, we may be almost sure to find that in due time certain small bodies of greenish color have attached themselves to the sides of the vessel. These bodies will congregate chiefly on the side of the vessel next the light, and as regards their size, the beings referred to are seen to be by no means large. A length of about a quarter of an inch may be regarded as a fair statement of their average dimensions; although occasionally a specimen may greatly exceed the proportions of its neighbors, and exhibit a length of half an inch or more.

Examined by aid of a hand-lens, each of these little organisms or hydræ is seen to

possess a tubular or cylindrical body, which is attached by one extremity to the glass or duck-weed, and which exhibits at the opposite and free extremity a mouth-opening, surrounded by a circle of arms or tentacles. These latter are delicate, thread-like organs, which in the undisturbed and natural state of the animal remain outstretched in the water. In the common or green hydra, the tentacles are not disproportionately developed as regards the body, but in certain other forms or species, in which the body is colored brown (*Hydra fusca*), the tentacles are very long, and the animal obtains in consequence the distinctive name of the "long-armed hydra."

The observation of the common incidents of the hydra's life reveals certain interesting features, which assist us in some degree in the appreciation of the nature and structure of these organisms. When the tentacles are touched, they at once contract and shorten, and the body also shrinks or shrivels up into a somewhat rounded mass. This simple fact proves to us that the hydra is sensitive to outward impressions, a feature in its history which is of high interest when we endeavor to understand the nature and relations of the nervous system of higher animals; and that these animals are also sensitive to more delicate impressions is proved by their clustering in numbers on that side of the glass vessel which is next the light. If the hydra is left in an undisturbed condition after being irritated, the body and tentacles will become elongated and expanded, and will once more resume their normal condition.

That the polypes are not permanently rooted or attached to the weeds in which they are commonly found, may be proved by the simple observation of their habits. They may be seen to detach themselves from fixed objects, and to move slowly about in leech-like fashion, or like the looping caterpillars, by alternately fixing and extending the mouth and root-extremity of the body; whilst occasionally they may be seen to float listlessly, with extended tentacles, amid their native waters.

When any minute animal, such as a water-flea, or some similar organism, comes in contact with the tentacles of the hydra, an interesting series of acts is witnessed. The tentacles are then observed to act as organs for the capture of prey, the victim being seized and conveyed by their contraction towards the mouth of the animal, within which cavity it finally disappears from view. That the hydra therefore possesses instincts common to all forms of

animal life, high and low alike, and which lead it to supply the wants of its frame, cannot be doubted; and Schiller's maxim that hunger is one of the powers that rule the universe, may thus be aptly illustrated within the small domain and in the simple life-history of the hydra.

As might be expected, the prey at first struggles violently to escape from the clutches of its captor, but after a short period the efforts become less and less marked, and the captive may be noted to become somewhat suddenly helpless and paralyzed. The observation of these details leads us to expect that the hydra possesses some offensive apparatus, through the action of which the capture of prey is facilitated. And an examination, by aid of the microscope, of the tentacles of the polype, and in fact of its body-substance as well, would reveal the presence of numerous minute capsules, named "thread-cells," which are developed in the tissues of the body. Each of these curious little cells consists of a tough outer membrane, within which a delicate thread or filament lies coiled up amidst fluid. When one of these structures is irritated, as by pressure, the cell is observed to rupture, the thread being thrown out or everted, whilst the fluid at the same time escapes. A thread-cell of the hydra, in its ruptured condition, appears as an oval capsule having attached to one extremity the thread, which is provided at its base with three little spines or hooks. The consideration of the structure and functions of these thread-cells clearly indicates their offensive nature. Each may in fact be regarded as representing a miniature poison-apparatus; the "thread" being the dart or sting, and the fluid constituting the venom. The prey of these polypes has little chance of escape from the attack of these cells; since wounded by the threads, which doubtless become attached to its body by the hooks, and poisoned by the fluid, even animals of tolerably large size, when compared with the hydra, may be seen to succumb to its attack. The polypes are thus seen to be singularly well provided as regards offensive apparatus, the particular form and action of which reminds one, in some degree, of the famous "lasso" of Western nations. And it is at the same time interesting to note that thread-cells of essentially similar nature to those found in the hydra, confer on the jelly-fishes and allied forms the stinging powers which render these beings the terror of tender-skinned bathers.

The internal structure of our polype is

of the simplest possible description. It may seem strange to talk of an animal body which lives and grows without any of the structures or machinery we are accustomed to associate with the higher animals. Yet the hydra exemplifies the former condition; since we might accurately enough describe its body as consisting of a simple tube, the interior of which contains no organs of any kind, and which communicates with the outer world through the mouth. If we further suppose that the walls of this tubular body are composed of two closely applied layers or membranes — the outer somewhat dense and tough, and the inner of more delicate nature — we shall have formed a broad but accurate idea of the constitution of these polypes. When the prey or food is swallowed, it therefore passes into the interior of the tubular body, which evidently serves as a stomach-sac. Here the morsel is digested or dissolved, and as the result of this process, a fluid perfectly adapted for the nourishment of the polype is formed. This fluid or blood is kept circulating throughout the interior of the simple body, by the constant movements or vibrations of numerous minute processes named *cilia*, which exist like a fringe on the lining membrane of the body cavity, and which therefore perform the functions of the heart of higher animals. Thus it may be said that every part of the hydra's body is brought directly into contact with this nutritive fluid, since we note that the fluid is transmitted from membrane to membrane and from cell to cell by the process of imbibition. And in this simple manner does the hydra repair the continual waste of its parts; this process of waste being the inevitable result of the acts and functions of every living being, and the invariable concomitant of life itself.

We have already noted that the hydra possesses the power of appreciating sensations, since it shrinks when touched, and exhibits other proofs of its sensitiveness. In the possession of this power the polype resembles some plants, and most if not all other animals, including man himself. Broadly stated, this power which the hydra possesses may be regarded as presenting us with the idea of a nervous system in its simplest phase. The functions of such a system may be summarized in the statement that it is adapted for bringing the animal into relation with its surroundings. We thus say that the nervous system exercises the function of "relation;" whilst from the

fact that the animal performs this function through impressions being made upon it, we are also accustomed to speak of the nervous power as exercising the function of "irritability." This power, in fact, stands mediately between the animal and the world in which it lives. The higher we ascend in the animal scale the more perfectly do we find the nervous system adapted for placing the animal in possession of a knowledge of its environments; although, as will be presently remarked, the differences between the nervous powers of higher and lower animals are to be considered rather differences of degree than of kind.

But, as an examination of the hydra demonstrates to us, the view just taken of the nervous functions can hardly be considered of a complete kind. For we find that the polype when touched is enabled to act upon the knowledge or sensation which the touch conveys; since its tentacles contract, and its whole body shrinks as if in irritation and alarm. The reception of a sensation by the nervous system is therefore accompanied by a power of acting upon "information received;" and it cannot be doubted that a certain and definite correspondence must exist between the impression and the act it evokes. Indeed, amongst lower forms of animal life this correspondence is not only exceedingly well marked, but constitutes in itself the sum total of the nervous functions in such beings. But the highest animals, including man himself, may be said to acquire a knowledge of their surroundings in an exactly similar manner. When we talk of exercising our senses — or when, to use a comprehensive term, we speak of "feeling" — we are simply expressing the idea of obtaining a certain knowledge of our environments, and as a result, we are further enabled to act upon that knowledge in ways and fashions relative thereto.

Some such ideas as those just stated, have given rise to the conception — widely known and discussed in these days under the name of the "automatic doctrine" — that the acts of all animals, including those of man — "the paragon of animals," as Hamlet terms him — bear in reality a much closer relation to their surroundings than they are generally supposed to possess. The simple acts of a hydra's life, and the most intricate operations of the human mind; the nervous action which enables a polype to obtain a particle of food, and the nerve-changes evolving thoughts which emanate from minds like those of Goethe, Shakespeare, Newton,

and Milton — thoughts which will re-echo in the minds of men throughout all time — are thus held to present, when analyzed out to their fullest extent, a striking community of origin. The polype is said to be really an "automaton," in that it simply acts through its nervous powers, as these powers are first acted upon by outer impressions; and man, we are told, must also be held as sharing this automaton nature, since his acts are determined in like manner by outward circumstances, and simply by the succession or order in which these circumstances have been impressed upon his nervous centres. "The question is," as Dr. Carpenter has expressed it, "whether the Ego is completely under the necessary domination of his original or inherited tendencies, modified by subsequent education; or whether he possesses within himself any power of directing and controlling these tendencies." Or as the case is put by Professor Huxley: "Descartes' line of argument is perfectly clear. He starts from reflex action in man, from the unquestionable fact that in ourselves co-ordinate purposive actions may take place without the intervention of consciousness or volition, or even contrary to the latter. As actions of a certain degree of complexity," continues Huxley, "are brought about by mere mechanism, why may not actions of still greater complexity be the result of a more refined mechanism?"

As may readily be noted, this theory of the physical origin of man's mental powers necessarily carries with it a special and peculiar interpretation of man's moral nature and obligations. For it implies the belief that we cannot act in any other fashion than is determined by our character; and this latter, in its turn, results from or is developed by the action of outer and physical circumstances upon the organism. Consciousness, or that knowledge of *self* which most people hold lies at the root and foundation of our mental existence, except as a secondary matter, is thus put altogether out of court; and the powers of mind come in this view to represent so many effects of the long-continued action of experience and custom in inducing various mental states, as the result of certain combinations of outer impressions.

The fierce conflict to which the discussion of this automatic doctrine has given rise can be readily understood and explained. It is no light matter to assert that the mental powers and intellect of man are, after all, simply material in their

nature and origin, and that they merely represent a high development and modification of the simple nervous impressions seen in lower states of existence. Yet there is a latent truth in this view of the matter, which, when recognized and brought into relation with facts and ideas external to such a theory, presents us with a rational explanation of the origin of man's mental nature. Whatever may have been the origin of man's intellect, there can firstly be no question of the impassable nature of the gulf which exists between the human type of mind and the instincts of all other forms of life. Even if man's total origin from a lower form or forms were a proved fact, the recognition of the fact could never lessen by an iota our estimation of the infinite superiority of man, regarded as a thinking intelligent being, over his nearest allies. Preconceived notions and ideas might and probably would revolt against such an idea of the origin of man's mind; but the spirit of a liberal science would content itself with the fact that no considerations regarding its origin and development can detract from the high or immeasurable superiority of the human over every other type and form of nervous functions.

Turning next to inquire into the existence of automatic or instinctive acts amongst animals, we may in the first place be surprised to note that in the hydra, sensitive although the polype is seen to be to outward impressions, no traces of a nervous system or of analogous organs can be discerned. The polypes are thus literally sensitive, without possessing any appreciable or visible apparatus for exercising that sense. The hydra is, however, by no means alone in this respect. The sea-anemones, which are animals nearly related to the hydra, are equally if not more sensitive than the latter; since the anemones may be seen to withdraw their tentacles and to contract their bodies on being touched, or even if the light falling upon them be suddenly intercepted, as by the shadow of a passing cloud. Yet the anemones, like hydra, utterly want a nervous system. But certain plants may also not only exhibit symptoms of irritation or sensitiveness when touched, but may act upon their sensations — a feature well exemplified by the drooping leaflets and leaf-stalk of the sensitive plant; by the closure of the leaf of the Venus fly-trap, and by definite movements of contraction observed in other plants, resulting from alterations in temperature. In plants, it is almost need-

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less to remark, no nervous system has been demonstrated to exist; and no botanist has even suggested the possibility of the existence of nervous tissues within the limits of the vegetable creation. Yet, tested by the acts of their lives, we might truly say to such plants, with Shakespeare, —

Sense you have,
Else could you not have motion;

and, judging from the sensitiveness of the plants just mentioned, the conclusion appears inevitable that plants possess means for receiving and for acting upon sensations, and that in this light they may be fitly compared with the hydra and all lower animals in which a nervous system has not been demonstrated to exist.

It is perfectly clear that the acts of these plants, and of such animals as the hydra and sea-anemone, must be considered of a purely automatic kind. We cannot reasonably suppose that consciousness, or a knowledge of why or how the acts are performed, plays any part in the life-history of such forms. And even if it be maintained that mere sensation and consciousness in this case are identical or closely allied, the latter quality must be so far removed in its nature from the consciousness of humanity as to render the comparison quite inadmissible. The hydra and its neighbors are in truth automata pure and simple, in that they are stimulated by outward circumstances and respond to such stimuli without possessing any appreciation of the why and wherefore of any act of their lives.

But that automatic acts may represent the whole life, or a very large share of the actions, of animals much higher than these polypes, can readily be demonstrated. A centipede, for example, when cut in halves, will exhibit lively and independent movements in each half of its body—a fact readily explained when we note that each joint of the animal's body possesses a nerve-centre which supplies the surrounding parts with powers of movement. And if the central portion of the nervous system of the animal be destroyed whilst its body remains intact, the front portion of the body and the front legs together with the legs lying behind the destroyed portion will continue to push the animal forwards. Here the action of the hinder legs is purely automatic. But in the insect-class we find many examples of automatic acts, which at first sight actually seem to suggest the development of a high intelligence. The young insect, just liberated

from its chrysalis state performs at once and perfectly all the operations of its life. And even in the case of the wonderful operations exemplified by the ants, bees, and their allies, we find examples of automatism. The acts of these insects are in reality determined by surrounding conditions; and each insect, destitute of all previous knowledge, enters upon its duties and discharges them with unerring skill, immediately after its birth or when it has attained its full development. Here, therefore, there can be no intelligent appreciation or consciousness of the nature of the duties performed. Indeed, as Dr. Carpenter has well remarked in speaking of the adaptation of such insects to their duties, "the very perfection of the adaptation, again, is often of itself a sufficient evidence of the unreasoning character of the beings which perform the work; for if we attribute it to their own intelligence, we must admit that this intelligence frequently equals, if it does not surpass, that of the most accomplished human reasoner."

Turning lastly to the investigation of man's actions as a type of those of higher animals generally, we find that physiology makes us acquainted with the performance of many automatic acts and movements in the common existence of humanity. The earliest acts of the infant are purely automatic; they are performed without the slightest appreciation of their meaning, and without any intelligent conception of their order and succession, that order and succession being really determined by the outward or physical conditions of life. The person who walks along the street absorbed in a reverie or day-dream, but who nevertheless and all unconsciously to himself avoids his neighbors and the lamp-posts, is so far an automaton in that the complicated muscular movements of his limbs and the general equilibrium of the body are being co-ordinated independently of his knowledge and will. And very many other examples might be cited in support of the allegation that automatic acts and movements play a very important part in the existence of higher animals.

Thus we may hold it to be fully proved that automatism has a veritable existence, and really forms the basis of all nervous acts. That in itself it constitutes the essence of all the intellectual acts of man is, however, a conclusion by no means involved in the preceding statement. That the "physical" act involved in the execution of any movement—such an act being

exemplified by the change which nerve-tissue undergoes even in the act of thinking—is connected and associated with another action, the “mental” act, cannot be doubted, if it be admitted at all that we possess a rational cognizance of ourselves and our actions. And that the “mental” act in the higher animal may represent the actual source, origin, and cause of the physical act, is also, as far as human intelligence can assure us, an undoubted fact. Hence we are forced to conclude that however this mental act has originated in man, it has really come to assume a place, dominion, and power in the constitution and working of his nervous system which is utterly unrepresented in any lower forms. If man may be proved or believed to be hereditarily the “slave of antecedent circumstances,” it must also be admitted that a new power has been developed out of the action upon his nervous system of these same circumstances, this power being represented by the formation of the conscious self-knowing *ego* or mind. That hereditary influences and inherited constitution possess a large share in moulding the mind, as they undoubtedly operate in producing a certain conformation of body, is but a reasonable belief. And the formation of the character of the child, and through the development of the latter that of the adult mind also, must accordingly depend to a certain extent upon influences for which neither is in any way responsible, and over which, in the first instance, neither can have any control. That automatic acts derived from and moulded upon preceding acts of like character make up the chief part of human existence in a savage state is a statement of readily proved kind, since man in his primitive condition can hardly be supposed to speculate much concerning himself, but has his acts directed and controlled to a greater or less extent by outward circumstances and by the exigencies which his physical surroundings induce. But as in man’s physical development, so in his mental nature, new features appear; and explain it how we may, we are forced to recognize that out of the mere instinct and pure automatism of his earlier state has been developed that fuller knowledge and command of self which brings with it the moral sense and all the noble conceptions of his race: a progress of mental development this, imitated by the mental advance of man as he emerges from the savage to the civilized state, and typified in a closer fashion still by the growth and progress of the infant’s mind, from the indefinite mists

of unconsciousness to the clearer light of a rational intelligence. The development of the child’s intellect in this view presents us with a panoramic picture of the stages through which we may conceive the mind of man to have passed in its progress from the condition of a hydra-like automaton to the higher phase in which he obtains a knowledge of himself. And it seems to me that only through the ideas involved in some such theory of the origin of man’s mental powers can we reasonably explain the possession by lower animals of many qualities and traits of character which we are too apt to regard as peculiar to man. The community of instincts in man and lower animals, in fact, affords a powerful argument in favor of the idea that the higher intellect of humanity has originated through the progressive development of lower instincts.

Our survey of the relations and origin of nervous acts has led us far afield into the domain of metaphysics, and has in some measure alienated us from our more sober study of the commonplace hydra. We have, however, noted that our polype forms a text for the illustration of some points highly interesting to humanity at large, and in what remains to be told of its life-history we shall find exemplified several other features of highly interesting if not of most remarkable kind.

Of these latter features, probably the most notable relate to the various modes in which the hydra may reproduce its kind. We have already observed how the animal makes provision for the wants of its own existence, and how it repairs the local and continually occurring death of its parts by the reception and digestion of food, and by the circulation from cell to cell of the products of nutrition. Such a view of the polype’s organization, however, presents us after all with a one-sided aspect; and like most partial and incomplete surveys of things, our ideas of the polype’s life-history are apt to become erroneous and liable to misconstruction. Every living being, in addition to the duty imposed upon it of repairing its individual loss of substance, has to bear a share in the reparation of the injuries and losses which death is the means of inflicting on its species or race. Through the processes of reproduction and development, new beings are ushered into the field of active life to take part in carrying on the life of the species, just as the process of nutrition made good the wants and supplied the exigencies of the single form.

The Harveian motto, “*Omne ex ovo*,”

holds good in the case of hydra, inasmuch as we find that the animal in summer more especially may be seen to produce eggs, from which, through a process of regular and defined development, new hydræ are produced. But we may concern ourselves less with this normal phase of development than with certain strange and out-of-the-way features which our polype may be observed to exhibit. There are very few persons outside the ranks of biologists who would be inclined to associate a veritable process of "budding" with the functions of an animal organism. Yet in hydra, in a large number of its neighbors, and in a few other groups of the animal world, a veritable process of this nature occurs, whereby from a parent body certain portions are gradually budded out to assume in due time the form and likeness of the being which has produced them.

Thus, when the hydra is well nourished, little projections may be observed to sprout from the side of the body. As these projections increase in size, each is seen gradually to develop a mouth and little tentacles at its free end, and in due time presents us with the spectacle of a young hydra, which has budded from the parent to which, save in size, it bears a close resemblance. Sometimes, also, it so happens that this young bud grows and multiplies like its parent, and produces a bud in its turn. So that we meet, in such a case, with a veritable genealogical tree, presenting us with three generations of hydræ, adhering to each other, and connected by the closest ties of blood-relationship. Not only, therefore, is our hydra colored like a plant: it also imitates the plant-creation in certain aspects of its life-history, and by the process of budding converts itself from a single into a compound animal. Whilst the young buds remain attached to the parent, free and perfect communication exists between the simple body-cavities of the connected individuals, and the compound organism is thus nourished by as many mouths as there are animals in the colony. But this connected and compound state is not permanent in hydra; although, as seen in the zoophytes, it presents us with a complicated and enduring fabric, numbering it may be many hundreds of included animals which have been produced by a process of budding. Sooner or later the young hydra-buds will break contact with the parent body, and will float away through the surrounding water on their way to root themselves to fixed objects, and to begin life on their own account.

More astonishing by far, however, is it to find that we possess the means for propagating hydræ at will. We may actually imitate the experiment performed of old by that redoubtable demigod Hercules, since by the artificial division of one polype we may give origin to new beings, and may multiply the species through the destruction of a single individuality. These curious results, also obtained by experimentation on the sea-anemones, were first made known to the world at large by Trembley, an Englishman, who was tutor to the sons of Count Bentinck, and who also, whilst resident at Geneva about the middle of the last century, contrived to find time and opportunity for close observation of those polypes. In 1744 Trembley published his memoir on the hydra, and we shall leave the ingenious naturalist to detail in his own language the method and results of his experiments. Surprised at the curious life-history and plasticity of these creatures under almost every condition, Trembley resolved to ascertain if the reproductive powers of hydra were further allied to those of plants in their ability to reproduce their like by being divided into "slips." Having divided a hydra cross-wise and nearer to the mouth than to the root-extremity, he put the two parts into a flat glass which contained water four or five lines in depth, and in such a manner that each portion of the polype could be easily observed through a strong magnifying glass. "On the morning of the day after having cut the polyp, it seemed to me that on the edges of the second part, which had neither head nor arms, three small points were issuing from these edges. This surprised me extremely, and I waited with impatience for the moment when I could clearly ascertain what they were. Next day they were sufficiently developed to leave no doubt on my mind that they were true arms. The following day two new arms made their appearance, and some days after, a third appeared, and I now could trace no difference between the first and second half of the polyp which I had cut."

Experimenters since Trembley's time, but following in the track of that ingenious observer, have cut and divided the hydra in almost every possible fashion, with the result of finding that the polype possesses an unlimited power not only of resisting injuries—the least of which would be sufficient to insure the death of any ordinary organism, plant, or animal—but of utilizing the results of mutilation in the multiplication of its race. But as a

final feature in the hydra's history, we must allude to one point which perhaps we should deem as even of more extraordinary kind than the traits of character just described; this point being exemplified by certain experiments of Trembley, in which he actually succeeded in turning these polypes inside out, without in the slightest degree interfering with their ultimate vitality. In 1742, Trembley first succeeded in his endeavor to place the polype *hors de combat*, and his *ruse* or plan of procedure was of so ingenious a nature that we may again let him speak for himself. He tells us that he commenced operations "by giving a worm to the polyp, and put it, when the stomach was well filled, into a little water, which filled the hollow of my left hand. I pressed it afterwards with a gentle pinch towards the posterior extremities. In this manner I pressed the worm which was in the stomach against the mouth of the polyp, forcing it to open — continuing the pinching pressure until the worm was partly pressed out of the mouth. When the polyp was in this state I conducted it gently out of the water, without damaging it, and placed it upon the edge of my hand, which was simply moistened in order that the polyp should not stick to it. I forced it to contract itself more and more, and, in doing so, assisted in enlarging the mouth and stomach. I now took in my right hand a thick and pointless boar's bristle, which I held as a lancet is held in bleeding. I approached its thicker end to the posterior extremity of the polyp, which I pressed until it entered the stomach, which it does the more easily since it is empty at this place and much enlarged. I continued to advance the bristle, and in proportion as it advanced the polyp became more and more inverted. When it came to the worm, by which the mouth is kept open on one side, and the posterior part of the polyp is passed through the mouth, the creature is thus turned completely inside out; the exterior superficies of the polyp has become the interior."

The operation thus described was occasionally frustrated in a manner by the hydræ; since, in less than an hour, Trembley observed some specimens to succeed in restoring themselves to their natural position. This observer, however, prevented the latter result in one or two instances by spitting the polype, a needle being passed through the body close under the mouth; and when thus treated the animal, with wisdom which humanity might sometimes advantageously imitate, accom-

modated itself without murmur to the exigencies of its position. Trembley appears to have taken the state of the appetite of his polypes as a very natural and rational test of their state of health after being operated upon; since he remarks that a hydra which had been turned inside out ate "a small worm two days after the operation;" whilst to conclude, he remarks that "the same polyp may be successively inverted, cut in sections, and turned back again, without being seriously injured." After the recital of these experiments — to which, seeing that the hydra possesses no traces of a nervous system, the most tender-hearted anti-vivisectionist could offer no objection — we may well question whether the hydra of zoology is not after all a more wonderful animal than its mythical and fabulous namesake.

The attentive consideration of these features in our polype's biography, naturally suggests some remarks on the nature of the beings which possess powers so wondrous of resisting mutilation and of recovering from serious injury. In virtue of what description or amount of vitality, it may be asked, or on what supposition can we account for the amazing reparative powers of the hydra? The answer to the question may be prefaced by the remark that the hydræ are not singular in respect of their fertility under apparently disadvantageous circumstances. As already remarked, and as the writer can testify from experiment, the sea-anemones may be subjected to the ordeal of trial by slicing and chopping with favorable results, as far as the artificial increase of the race is concerned. But animals occupying a much higher place in the scale of animal society may also exhibit reparative powers of a singular and extensive kind. A starfish, for example, need not in the slightest degree be disconcerted by the loss of its rays, for these astronomical beings may be met with on the sea-beach in the condition of grim old warriors who have left portions of their organization on numerous battle-fields, and possessing, it may be, but a single intact ray; the other four rays having most likely served voracious codfishes as dainty, if somewhat tough morsels. Or, again, the crabs and lobsters may be cited as examples of animals to whom the loss of a limb, less or more, makes but little difference. Indeed, the lobsters seem to part with even the largest of their members on very slight provocation; for a sudden noise, such as the report of cannon, has been known to serve as the exciting cause of dismemberment.

Or, lastly, to select animals of a higher grade still, it is well known that our familiar eel or newt may lose half of its tail without suffering any permanent loss; a natural process of reparation and growth in the starfish, in the crab and lobster, and in the newt, in due time providing new members for old ones. Man in one sense may well envy the reparative powers of his inferior neighbors; since even in the comparatively small matter of teeth he has to place himself under the tender mercies of the dentist in event of loss, and must view with hopeless gaze the disappearance of the last joint of a finger or toe.

Although the physiologist is unable in the present state of his science to explain the exact and intimate manner in which the hydra and other animals reproduce their tissues, we may nevertheless by a very homely simile contrive to gain a broad idea of the nature of these reparative powers. We thus must firstly note that the process is simply one of nutrition, or nutritive growth carried out to a high degree of development. We are dealing in fact, in such cases, with an increase of the ordinary powers and processes whereby, as we have already stated, the bodily waste is made good. But at the same time we note that these powers and processes vary throughout the animal world doubtless in obedience to some law which determines the closer interdependence of the different parts of animals the higher we advance in the zoological scale. To put the matter in its plainest light, we may compare the organization of the hydra and its neighbors to that of the "republic." The essential feature of this form of human association I take to be comprised in the broad statement that one man or member of the republic is as good as any other man or member, and that each man (theoretically) has an equal voice with his neighbor in the conduct and rule of the State. In that form of government to which the name of "limited monarchy" is applied, the levelling and equalizing tendencies of the republic are wanting. Every one person is not equal in rank or value to every other person; but, although each has theoretically his definite place and voice in the rule and management of the State, some assume a higher rank and power than others. Applying the comparison to the case before us, we can form at least an intelligent conception of the relative nature of the powers of the lower and higher animal. The hydra emphatically represents an animal democracy—a veritable republic. One part is as

good as any other part, when demands are made upon it for reparation and growth; and this quality of self-support and independence, this power of existing separate from other parts, forms the feature in virtue of which the organization of the hydra becomes so plastic under the most trying conditions, and so well adapted in virtue of its inherent powers to rebuild the disorganized fabric. In man and higher animals, on the other hand, we find exemplified a form of vital government represented most nearly by the limited monarchy. Here, whilst each portion of the organism possesses a certain share in the constitution and management of affairs, some parts, and notably the nervous system, take precedence of, and serve to unite and combine the others. The principle of regulation and interdependence thus involved, simply renders it impossible for all parts to possess equal reparative powers. Hence lost parts are not commonly replaced in higher animals, for the reason that the loss has entailed a separation from other parts possessing no inherent powers of reproduction within themselves, and has divided the sustenance and life of the lost parts from that of the entire, connected, and interdependent system.

The process of growth and the harmonious relation of organs and parts observed in the hydra and in most other living beings, suggest, as a final feature worthy of note, the consideration of what is implied in the growth and increase of living organisms generally. The body of hydra was, at an early stage of our investigation, seen to be composed of tissues, and these tissues, again, to be made up of minute elements or cells. The growth of the hydra, therefore, in reality, means the increase of each of its minute parts; and when we reflect on the law of growth thus evolved, we may be puzzled to account for or explain the intimate nature of the mysterious power which is seen to operate in controlling and directing in so remarkable a manner the functions of this humble organism. In the hydra, then, as representing a single organism, or, still better, in the zoophyte, which consists of a colony numbering, it may be, hundreds of animals, united in a close structural relationship, or in the bodies of higher animals still, we find the principle of the perfect co-operation of many different parts to one harmonious end, namely, the maintenance of the organism, beautifully exemplified. In most of the grave affairs of life, man strives to secure the co-operation of his

fellows; but humanity, unfortunately for the success of its schemes, exhibits many little weaknesses and failings, and the common tendency of one mind to assert its supremacy over another may result in the demolition of the co-operative idea. Man might, therefore, well strive to imitate the unselfish union of aims and ends which a zoophyte colony exemplifies, or which the vital mechanism of his own tissues illustrates. When the political economist shall have succeeded in inaugurating a scheme of human co-operation for any purpose, on the successful model of nature's colonies in lower life, he will have good cause to congratulate himself and his fellows on having solved one of the paramount difficulties which beset his day and generation.

But, lastly, the true nature of the growth of a living being can only be fully understood if we for a moment compare that process with the increase of a lifeless body. No better, truer, or more eloquent descriptions of the difference between the growth of the living and that of the non-living could well be found than in the following passages, culled from an essay,* by one of the most liberal and advanced scholars of our day, intended to illustrate the progressive nature of philosophic science. "There is one kind of progress," says the writer, "which consists simply of addition of the same to the same, or of the external accumulation of materials. But increase by addition, even though it be ordered or regulated addition, is not the highest kind of advancement. Pile heap on heap of inorganic matter, and you have a result in which nothing is changed; the lowest stratum of the pile remains to the last what it was at the first; you keep all you ever had in solid permanence. Add stone to stone or brick to brick, till the house you have built stands complete from foundation to copestone; and here, though in order and system there may be a shadow of something higher than mere quantity, there is still only addition without progress. You have here also what the superficial mind covets as the sign of value in its possessions — permanent results, solid and stable reality. Every stone you place there remains to the last cut, hewn, shaped, in all its hard external actuality, what it was at the first: and the whole edifice, in its definite outward completeness, stands, it may be, for ages, a permanent possession of the world.

"But when you turn from inorganic accumulation or addition of quantities to organic growth, the kind of progress you get is altogether different. Here you never for a single day or hour keep firm possession of what you once had. Here there is never-resting mutation. What you now have is no sooner reached than it begins to slip away from your grasp. One form of existence comes into being only to be abolished and obliterated by that which succeeds it. Seed or germ, peeping bud, rising stem, leaf and blossom, flower and fruit, are things that do not continue side by side as part of a permanent store, but each owes its present existence to the annulling of that which was before. You cannot possess at one and the same time the tender grace of the vernal wood and the rich profusion of color and blossom of the later growth of summer; and if you are ever to gather in the fruit, for that you must be content that the gay blossoms should shrivel up and drop away. Yet though in organic development you cannot retain the past, it is not destroyed or annihilated. In a deeper way than by actual matter-of-fact presence and preservation, it continues. Each present phase of the living organism has in it the vital result of all that it has been. The past is gone, but the organism could not have become what it is without the past. Every bygone moment of its existence still lives in it, not indeed, as it was — but absorbed, transformed, worked up into the essence of its new and higher being. And when the perfection of the organism is reached, the unity of the perfectly developed life is one which gathers up into itself, not by juxtaposition or summation, but in a far deeper way, the concentrated results of all its bygone history. And by how much life is nobler than dead matter, by so much are the results and fruits of life the manifestation of a nobler kind of progress than that which is got by the accumulation of things which are at once permanent and lifeless, and permanent *because* they are lifeless."

The hydra equally with the higher animal, and the lowliest plant equally with the lordly oak, present the distinctions and differences thus forcibly expressed as existing between living and non-living matter. There is thus a constant replacement of old particles by new ones; and this change is not, after all, a mere replacement, but also includes and carries with it a process of growth and increase — of which latter, as seen in the living being, perhaps the

* Progressiveness of the Sciences, by John Caird, D.D., Principal of Glasgow University. Glasgow: Maclehose, 1875.

most wonderful feature is that whereby, amid all the constant changes which living and being involve, the animal or plant should preserve and retain the form in which it was, so to speak, originally limned.

A study of the denizens of a stagnant pool may thus be shown to lead up, unconsciously it may be, but also naturally, to some matters of weighty consideration and interest, even to the most unscientific of observers. And it will be found not the least characteristic and valuable feature of all such studies, that they serve as literal starting-points and as vantage-grounds whence we may shape an intellectual course, leading us by many and diverse radii from limited perceptions and finite aims, outwards and upwards to the infinite itself.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

GERMAN SOCIETY FORTY YEARS SINCE.

IN 1841-3 Mrs. Austin was in Germany, and met most of the celebrated men and women of that epoch. Some of the stories jotted down by her during a prolonged residence in Dresden and Berlin seem too good to be lost, while others show considerable insight into German life. The brothers Grimm appear to have been the most sympathetic people she met in Berlin. About Jacob Grimm she writes thus:

"His exterior is striking and engaging. He has the shyness and simplicity of a German man of letters, but without any of the awkward, uncouth air which is too common among them. His is a noble, refined head, full of intelligence, thought, and benevolence, and his whole exterior is full of grandeur—at the same time perfectly simple. Wilhelm is also a fine-looking man, younger, fatter, and more highly-colored; less imposing, less refined, but with a charming air of good nature, *bonhomie* and sense. His wife is also very pleasing. I met him one night at tea, and we began talking of fairy tales; I said, 'Your children appear to me the happiest in the world; they live in the midst of *Mährchen* (fairy-tales).' 'Ah,' said he, 'I must tell you about that. When we were at Göttingen somebody spoke to my little son about his father's *Mährchen*. He came running to me and said with an offended air, "*Vater, man sagt du hast die Mährchen geschrieben—nicht wahr, du hast nicht solches Dummezug gemacht?*"' ("Father, people say

that you have written the fairy tales—surely you never invented such rubbish?") 'He thought it below my dignity,' said Grimm. Somehow the child had never seen or attended to the fact of his father's authorship."

Another story of Grimm's:—

"When I was a young man I was walking one day and saw an officer in the old-fashioned uniform. It was under the old elector. The officers still wore pigtails, cocked hats set over one eye, high neck-cloths, and coats buttoned back. As he was walking stiffly along, a groom came by riding a horse which he appeared to be breaking in. 'What mare is that you are riding?' called out the major with an authoritative, disdainful air. 'She belongs to Prince George,' answered the groom. 'A——h!' said the major, raising his hand reverentially to his hat with a military salute, and bowing low to the mare. I told this story," continued Grimm, "to Prince B., thinking to make him laugh. But he looked grave, and said, with quite a tragic tone of voice, 'Ah, that feeling is no longer to be found!'"

"Jacob Grimm told me a *Volksmärchen* too:—

"St. Anselm was grown old and infirm, and lay on the ground among thorns and thistles. *Der liebe Gott* said to him, 'You are very badly lodged there; why don't you build yourself a house?' 'Before I take the trouble,' said Anselm, 'I should like to know how long I have to live.' 'About thirty years,' said *der liebe Gott*. 'Oh, for so short a time,' replied he, 'it's not worth while,' and turned himself round among the thistles."

"Bettina von Arnim called, and we had a *tête-à-tête* of two hours. Her conversation is that of a clever woman, with some originality, great conceit, and vast unconscious ignorance. Her sentiments have a bold and noble character. We talked about crime, punishment, prisons, education, law of divorce, etc., etc. Gleams of truth and sense, clouds of nonsense—all tumbled out with equally undoubting confidence. Occasional great fidelity of expression. Talking of the so-called happiness and security of ordinary marriages in Germany, she said, '*Qu'est que cela me fait? Est-ce que je me soucie de ces nids qu'on arrange pour propager?*' I laughed out; one must admit that the expression is most happy. She talked of the ministers with great contempt, and said, 'There is not a man in Germany; have you seen one for whom you could feel any enthusiasm? They are all like frogs in a big

pond; well, well, let them splash their best. What have we to do with their croaking?' Some things she said about the folly of attacking full-grown, habitual vice, by legislation, prison discipline, etc., were very true, and showed a great capacity for just thought. But what *did* she mean, or what did Schleiermacher mean, for she quoted him, by saying, '*La péché est une grâce de Dieu!*' These are things people say to make one stare. Among other divorce cases we talked of was the following:—Herr S—, a distinguished man, between fifty and sixty, with grown-up children and a wife who for five-and-twenty years had stood by his side a true and faithful partner through good and evil fortune—especially a great deal of the latter. A certain Madame A—, a woman about thirty, *bien conservée*, rather pretty, and extremely coquettish, made it her business to please Mr. S—, and succeeded so well that he soon announced to his wife his desire to be divorced from her, and to marry Madame A—, who on her side was to divorce her husband. Poor Madame S— could hardly believe her senses. She was almost stupefied. She expostulated, resisted, pleaded their children—marriageable daughters—all in vain. Mr. S— said he could not be happy without Madame A—. In short, as may be imagined, he wore out his wife's resistance, and the blameless, repudiated, and heart-broken wife took her children and retired into Old Prussia. Madame A— then became Madame S—. But the most curious thing was that the *ci-devant* husband remained on terms of the greatest intimacy, and became the tame cat of the house. When Mr. S— went a journey his wife accompanied him a certain way, and Mr. A— went with them to escort her back, as a matter of course.

"At a ball given at C—, Mr. and Madame S— were invited. He came alone, and apologized to the lady of the house about his wife's absence. She hoped Madame S— was not ill. 'Oh, no; but Mr. A— has just arrived, and you understand she could not leave him alone the first evening.'

"My maid Nannie told me a curious illustration of the position of servants here. The maid belonging to the master of the house, has, it seems, a practice of running out, and being gone for hours without leave. On Sunday last she had leave; Monday, ditto; Tuesday, ditto; and was out the whole of those evenings. Wednesday she took leave, and did not

return till after tea. Her mistress asked her where she had been; she refused to answer, on which her mistress pressed her. 'Well,' she said, 'if I won't tell you, you can't hang me for it.' With which answer the lady went away content. Another day the master, who is lame, came down into the kitchen and said, 'I have left my spectacles; I wish you would run up for them.' 'Oh,' said she, 'I am washing dishes.' The droll thing is that they say they are only too glad to have this steady and obliging person, because she is honest—a thing almost unknown here.

"A great many ladies in Berlin have evenings on which they receive—especially the ministers' wives—not their friends, but all the world. If you don't go for two or three weeks, they tell you of it—the number of omissions is chalked up against you. Nor, except in two or three of the more exotic, can you look in for half an hour and come away. People ask you why you go, and where you are going to. In many houses you are expected to take leave. Then you have the satisfaction of being told where you were last night, and what you said; who sat next you, and especially that you did not admire Berlin, or something in it. Of course you deny, equivocate, palliate, lie. If you have the smallest pretension to be *vornehm* (fine), you can only live Unter den Linden, or in the Wilhelms-strasse.

"Social life does not exist in Berlin, though people are always in company, and one is, as Ranke said, *gehetzt* (hunted). In the fashionable parties one always sees the same faces—faces possessed by *ennui*. The great matter is for the men to show their decorations and the women their gowns, and to be called *excellency*. Generally speaking, it strikes me that the Prussians have no confidence in their own individual power of commanding respect. Much as they hold to all the old ideas and distinctions about birth, even that does not enable them to assume an upright independent attitude, not even when combined with wealth. Count G—, a man of old Saxon nobility, with large estates and the notions and feelings of an English aristocrat, tells me that he is completely *shouldered* in Berlin society, because he neither has nor will have any official title, wears no orders, and, in short, stands upon his own personal distinctions. The idea of going about the world stark naked to one's mere name! Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Mr. Canning—a German would be ashamed.

"The other day I went up three pair of

stairs to call on a nice little professor's wife. Arrived at the top, I rang the bell, and out comes a great hulking maid, who looks down upon me from a height of three or four steps. 'Is Madame G—— at home?' Answer (stereotype), 'I don't know;' after a pause—'Do you mean the Frau Professorin?' 'Yes, Madame G——.' On this out rushes a second maid, looks half stupid, half indignant—'What, do you mean the Frau Geheimrätin?' The joke was now too good to drop. I said again, 'I mean Madame G——, as it seems you do not hear distinctly; take my card to Madame G——.' I was admitted with the usual words, 'most agreeable,' and found the very pleasant Frau Professorin Geheimrätin, for she is both, whose servants seem ashamed of her name. Yet it is a name very illustrious in learning.

"Till a man is *accroché* on the court by some title, order, office, or what not, he may be fairly said not to exist. The Germans are becoming clamorous for freer institutions, but how much might they emancipate themselves! A vast deal of this servility is perfectly voluntary, but it seems in the blood. They dislike the king of Hanover as much as we do; but when Madame de L—— whispered to me at a ball, '*Voilà votre prince et seigneur*,' and I replied in no whisper, '*Prince oui, mais grâce à Dieu, seigneur non*.' She looked frightened, and so did all the ladies round her—and why? He could do them no more harm than me.

"In Dresden I met the grand duke of Saxe-Weimar, who told me the following anecdote on the authority of his mother-in-law the empress of Russia: 'When Paul and his wife went to Paris, they were called, as is well known, le Comte and la Comtesse du Nord. The Comtesse du Nord accompanied Marie Antoinette to the theatre at Versailles. Marie Antoinette pointed out, behind her fan, *aussi honnêtement que possible*, all the distinguished persons in the house. In doing this she had her head bent forward; all of a sudden she drew back with such an expression of terror and horror that the comtesse said, "*Pardon, madame, mais je suis sûre que vous avez vu quelque chose qui vous agite*." The queen, after she had recovered herself, told her that there was about the court, but not of right belonging to it, a woman who professed to read fortunes on cards. One evening she had been displaying her skill to several ladies, and at length the queen desired to have her own destiny told. The cards were

arranged in the usual manner, but when the woman had to read the result, she looked horror-struck and stammered out some generalities. The queen insisted on her saying what she saw, but she declared she could not. "From that time," said Marie Antoinette, "the sight of that woman produces in me a feeling, I cannot describe, of aversion and horror, and she seems studiously to throw herself in my way!"

"The grand duke told very curious stories about a sort of second sight; especially of a Princess of S—— who was, I believe, connected with the house of Saxony. It is the custom among them to allow the bodies of their deceased relations to lie in state, and all the members of the family go to look at them. The princess was a single woman, and not young. She had the faculty, or the curse, of always seeing, not the body actually exposed but the next member of the family who was to die. On one occasion a child died, she went to the bedside and said, 'I thought I came to look at a branch, but I see the tree.' In less than three weeks the father was dead. The grand duke told me several other instances of the same kind. But this faculty was not confined to deaths. A gentleman whom the grand duke knew and named to me, went one day to visit the princess; as soon as she saw him she said, 'I am delighted to see you, but why have you your leg bound up?' 'Oh,' said her sister, Princess M——, 'it is not bound up; what are you talking of?' 'I see that it is,' she said. On his way home his carriage was upset and his leg broken.

"I was saying that the Italians would not learn German. Madame de S—— said, 'I perfectly understand that; I had a French *bonne*, and when a child spoke French better than German. When the French were masters in Germany, M. de St. Aignan was resident at the court of Weimar. He and other French officers used to come every evening to my mother's house. I never spoke a word, I never appeared to understand a word. When the news of the battle of Leipsig arrived, M. de St. Aignan escaped through our garden. I was alone when he came to ask permission, and I answered him very volubly in French. "*Mais, mademoiselle*," said he, astonished, "*vous parlez le Français comme l'Allemand. J'ai toujours cru que vous n'en comprenez pas un mot*." "*C'est que je n'ai pas voulu*," replied I.

"This in a young girl who talked well and liked to talk, shows great resolution,

and is a curious proof of the strength of the hatred of French rule.

"I went to see '*Figaro's Hochzeit*,' not '*Le Nozze di Figaro*.' If you have a mind to understand why the Italians can never be reconciled to Austrian rulers go to see '*Figaro's Hochzeit*.' A Herr Dettmer, from Frankfurt, did Figaro, a good singer, I have no doubt, and not a bad, *i.e.*, an absurd, actor. But Figaro, the incarnation of southern vivacity, *espidglerie* and joyous grace! Imagine a square, thick-set man, with blond hair and a broad face, and that peculiar manner of standing and walking with the knees in, the heels stuck into the earth and the toes in the air, which one sees only in Germany. I thought of Piucco, a young Maltese, never, I believe, off his tiny island — whom I last saw in that part. I saw before me his *élancé* and supple figure, his small head clustered round with coal-black hair, his delicately turned jetty moustache, his truly Spanish costume, the sharp knee just covered by the breeches tied with gay ribbons, and the elastic step of the springing foot and high-bounding instep. What a contrast! — and what can art do against nature in such a case? Then the women; I had seen Ronzi de Begnis in the countess. What a countess! What a type of southern voluptuous grace, of high and stately beauty and indolent charm! Imagine a long-faced, lackadaisical-looking German woman, lean and high-shouldered, and with that peculiar construction of body which German women now affect. An enormously long waist, laced in to an absurd degree, and owing its equally extravagant rotundity below to the tailor. 'Happy we,' says Countess Hahn-Hahn, 'who, with so many ells of muslin or silk, can have a beautiful figure.'

"The Susanna was a pretty waiting-maid. How far that is from a Spanish Susanna, it is beyond me to say. Cherubino was the best, but he was only an *espidgle* boy playing at being in love — not the page whose head is turned at the sight of a woman. Then the language!

"After all, how immensely does this inaptitude of Germans to represent '*Figaro*' raise Mozart in our estimation; for he had not only to represent, but to conceive the whole — and what a conception! The sweet breath of the south vibrating in every note. Variety, grace, lightness, passion, *naïveté*, and, above all, a stately elegance which no one ever approached. His '*Don Giovanni*' and his '*Almaviva*' contain the most courtly, graceful, stately music that ever was conceived; and nothing

like it *was* ever conceived. Only the real grandee, courtier, and fine gentleman could express himself so.

"Now, as a set-off, I must say what Germans can do, and what I am quite sure we English cannot in these days.

"I went to see Schiller's '*Brant von Messina*.' I expected little. The piece is essentially lyric rather than dramatic. The long speeches, thought I, will be dull, the choruses absurd; the sentiments are pagan. What have Spanish nobles to do with a Nemesis, with oracles, with a curse, like that on the house of Athens — with sustained speeches, the whole purport of which is *incusare deos*?

"Well, I was wrong. In the opening scene, Mademoiselle Berg has to stand for a quarter of an hour between two straight lines of senators and to make a speech — *rien que cela*! Can anything be more difficult? Yet such was the beauty of her declamation of Schiller's majestic verse, such the solemnity and propriety, grace and dignity of her action, that at every moment one's interest rose. Her acting through the whole of this arduous part gave me the highest idea of her sense and culture. Tenderness and passion were nicely proportioned to the austere character and sculptural beauty of the piece. I cannot at this moment recollect ever to have seen an actress, French or English, who could have done it as well. Mademoiselle Rachel, with all her vast talents as a declaimer, would have been too hard for the heart-stricken mother.

"Emil Devrient's '*Don César*' was quite as good. His acting in the last scene, where Beatrice entreats him to live, was *frightfully* good. The attempts at paternal tenderness, instantly relapsing into the fatal passion, ignorantly conceived, made one's heart stand still. And yet such was the extreme delicacy of his art, one felt none of the disgust which attends every allusion to such love. One saw before one only the youth vainly struggling with the hereditary curse of his house — the doomed victim and instrument of the vengeance of an implicable destiny.

"Anything more thoroughly heathenish than the play I cannot conceive, and I much question if an English audience would sit it out — on that score — not to mention others. We should find it our duty to be shocked. The audience last night was thin; those who went were probably attracted by Schiller's name, and knew that such "horrid opinions" once existed in Greece, and that a poet imitating Greek tragedy might represent Greek

modes of thinking. In short, we did not feel ourselves the least compromised by the queen of Sicily's attack upon the gods — nor the least more disposed to quarrel with our fate.

"The chorus is, as in duty bound, *versöhnend* (conciliatory). The amount of the comfort, it is true, often is, 'It can't be helped; but even this is so nobly and beautifully expressed that one is satisfied. The chorus has every imaginable claim to be a bore. They deal in good advice, moral reflections, and consolation of the new and satisfactory kind above mentioned. Yet so great is the majestic, harmonious, composed beauty of Schiller's verse, so much greater the eternal beauty of truth and virtue, that the old men's words fall on one's heart like drops of balm, and one feels calmed and invigorated for the struggle with life. The chorus spoken, and in parts by all the voices at once, can never have a good effect — but somehow or other *cela allait*. Such are the triumphs of the true poet and artist."

The following anecdote dates from before the Russian emancipation: —

"The Archbishop of Erlau told me that at the time the Russian troops were stationed in Hungary, he and another gentleman were walking in the streets of — and suddenly heard a woman cry out. In a moment she ran into the street exclaiming that a Russian soldier had robbed, or was about to rob her. Such complaints were very frequent and sometimes unfounded. The soldiers could not make themselves understood, and took up things without meaning to rob. Be that as it may, two Russian officers were passing and heard the woman's story. They instantly collared the man, threw him down on the pavement, and, without making the smallest inquiry into the facts, they then and there spurred him to death. This, said the archbishop, I saw, with infinite horror and disgust."

Here we have a story which, though not absolutely new, is too good to be omitted: —

"Dr. F — told me the following story of Voltaire, which I never met with before. Voltaire had for some reason or other taken a grudge against the prophet Habakkuk, and affected to find in him things he never wrote. Somebody took the Bible, and began to demonstrate to him that he was mistaken. '*C'est égal*,' said he, with an air of impatience, '*Habakkuk était capable de tout!*'

"Two days before we left Dresden, as I

was dressing to go out, Nannie, my maid, came into my room and said two ladies wanted to see me. She said she had never seen them — they said I did not know them. I sent to say that I was sorry but I could not receive them, as Madame de S — was already waiting for me. Nannie came back with the answer that they would wait in the anteroom — they only wanted to speak to me for a moment. Annoyed at being forced to commit a rudeness, I hurried on my gown and went out. In the anteroom were a middle-aged lady and a young one. I broke out into apologies, etc., upon which the elder lady said, in German, 'Pardon me for being so pressing. I only wished to give my daughter strength for the battle of life.' I was literally confounded at the oddness of this address, and remained dumb. It seemed her daughter wished to translate from the English. After a short explanation she turned to her daughter, and pointing to me, said, 'Now, my dear, you have seen the mistress, so we will not keep her any longer.' And so they went. I threw myself into a chair, and, alone as I was, burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. This is as good a piece of Germanism as is to be found in any novel. Even my Dresden friends thought it quite amazing.

"Dr. Waagen and I were talking of the danger of disputing the authenticity of pictures. I said I had rather tell a man he's a rascal than that his pictures are copies. 'Yes,' said Waagen, 'I always compare a man, the genuineness of whose pictures are attacked, to a lioness defending her young.'

"We afterwards came upon intercourse with princes. Waagen said, Wilhelm von Humboldt, who was a great friend and patron of his when a young man, once said to him: 'My dear friend, your position will probably bring you into frequent contact with royalty. Take one piece of advice from me; always regard them as wild beasts in cages, and the courtiers as keepers. You see how noble and gentle and beautiful they look. But if you begin to put your hand through the bars and play with them, then you'll feel their claws and fangs. Always ask the keepers first what sort of humor they are in.'

"Countess H —, wife of the Mecklenburg minister, a Rubens beauty, and a very good-natured woman, told me she was invited to a grand dinner party at V — to meet an English great lady. The hour was five. After everybody waiting till six, the hosts determined to sit

down. Some time after dinner was begun, Lady — came in. The hostess began to regret, hoped nothing had happened, etc.

"*Non, madame, c'est que je n'avais pas faim,*" was the refined and graceful reply.

"At a dinner party we were talking of Niebuhr, Varnhagen von Ense's article, etc. They spoke of his arrogance and caprice, which they said he had in common with all Holsteiners. He was much disliked by the Germans at Rome, partly for these qualities, partly for his parsimony and want of hospitality.

"Herr von Raumer said: 'I went to his house one evening, and we nearly succeeded in boiling some hot water for tea, but not quite.' Niebuhr told him that it was a serious thing to associate with Amati the Roman archæologist, because he frequented a certain wine-house called the Sabina, where the wine was dear. Amati was keeper of the Chigi Library, and held a post in the Vatican. His learning and judgment were universally acknowledged. He was particularly well known for his transcription and collation of codices, and a man whom any one might be proud to know.

"When the late king was at Rome, Niebuhr did the honors so badly that the king was quite impatient. He showed him little fragments of things in which he could take no interest, and none of the great objects. One day Niebuhr spoke of Palestrina. 'What is that?' said the king. 'What, your Majesty does not know that?' exclaimed Niebuhr in a tone of astonishment. The king was extremely annoyed, and turning round to some one, said, 'Stuff and nonsense; it's bad enough never to have learnt anything, without having it proclaimed aloud.'

"Niebuhr's ideas about his own importance, and his excessive cowardice were such, said B —, that at the time of the Carbonari affairs, he actually wrote home to the Prussian government that the whole of this conspiracy was directed against himself.

"In the steamer from Mainz to Bonn was — *inter alios* — an individual of the genus *Rath*. He sat opposite to us at dinner on the deck, and first attracted my attention by the following reply to his neighbor, a man who appeared to entertain the profoundest admiration for him. 'Oh, yes, there are lots of *theorists* in the world, only too many. I represent *den gesunden Menschenverstand* (sound common sense).' Delighted at this declaration, I raised my eyes and saw a face

beaming with the most undoubting self-complacency. He went on to detail certain schemes of his for the good of his country — Oldenburg, as it seemed. My husband began to interrogate him about Oldenburg, and I said all I knew of it was from Justus Möser. The worthy *Rath* looked at me amazed, and said this was the first time he ever heard Justus Möser mentioned by a lady. I said so much the worse, there is an infinity of good sense in his writings. Yes, but he never expected to hear of his being read by a lady, and that I was evidently the second representative of sound common sense in the world, 'worthy to be *my* disciple,' added he with emphasis." JANET ROSS.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE POETRY OF SEPTEMBER.

WE suppose that every month in the year has its own peculiar physiognomy, by which the true lover of nature would at once recognize it were he dropped from the clouds in a balloon after a prolonged absence in some other planet. Months melt into one another imperceptibly, of course; but such a one would know that the middle of July was not the middle of June, or the middle of August the middle of July. And this not by the weather, or the temperature, or by any agricultural operation which might betray the truth, but by the peculiar expression which nature wears at different seasons of the year. In July she is still young, still soft and fresh, with cooling showers and fickle skies, and clouds and sunshine rapidly chasing each other away. And for the full and perfect beauty of ordinary English scenery there is no period of the year to compare with the six weeks which separate the end of June from the middle of August. In August comes a slight change, we know not what, something to be felt rather than described. Perhaps it is that the face of nature begins then to wear rather a more set look, to show the first signs of middle age, and that lines of thought became visible in her still lovely countenance. But with the ensuing month the change is very apparent, and it is on the manner in which the expression of nature during an English September affects both the heart and the imagination that it is proposed to dwell in this article.

A September landscape is familiar to the majority of Englishmen; but still there is a numerous class of men, com-

prising many among us who are the best qualified to appreciate it, who rarely see their native country at all during that particular month. The crowd of tourists which flies across the Channel, bound for Alps, or Pyrenees, or Carpathians, or what not, the moment they are free from the claims of business, or politics, or fashion, rarely return till September has passed gently away. Of those others who spend September in the country many, perhaps, are too much absorbed in field sports to notice the beauty which encircles them; and many more, perhaps, if they did notice it, would never get beyond observing that it was a very fine day. We hope, however, still to find a few readers who have been touched by the same feelings as ourselves under the influence of this particular month, and with their sympathy, if there be such, we shall be satisfied. The actual physical beauty of a September day, though not so luxuriant, it may be, as July or August, stirs us, perhaps, with a deeper emotion. The corn should not be all carried, for the wheat, standing in shocks upon the hillside, has a very pretty effect in the distance. There should be meadows within view, in which the rich green aftermath, still ankle deep, has not yet been fed off. There should be the fine stately hedgerow timber of the midland counties, or the hanging copses and long woods of the west and south. There should be the cool dark green of the turnips, contrasting with the pale yellow stubble, looking sheeny and silky in the sun. There should be a farmhouse or two, and a village spire in the hazy distance; and the foliage may be flecked here and there with two or three rust-spots as a foil to the surrounding verdure. Here is an ordinary view enough. But lie lazily on your back where the eye can take in all these varied contrasts, and you will allow that the same scene at an earlier period of the year would have wanted many of the charms which it exhibits now. If by the poetry of September we meant principally its suitability for descriptive poetry we might enlarge on these charms in some detail. As it is, I shall merely observe on the singularity of the fact that descriptive poets should have turned to so little account the peculiar beauties of this season of the year. It is not so with painters. September has sat for her portrait to many eminent hands, and we would call particular attention to a picture in last year's (1876) Academy, by Mr. Vicat Cole, called "The Day's Decline," which is evidently intended for September, and which, though it does not

give the variety which I have just described, brings out many of the special characteristics of the month with marvellous fidelity. But Thomson is our classic on such subjects; and, though he could not fail to catch the dominant characteristic of the month, he hardly seems to have drunk in the full beauty of it. The following lines, however, show that he was not without appreciation:—

A serener blue,
With golden light enlivened, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet beamed, and shedding oft through lucid
clouds
A pleasing calm; while broad and brown below
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain—
A calm of plenty.

This is truly fine. The epithets applied to the ripe cornfields, "rich, silent, deep," are most felicitous. But the primary idea of autumn with Thomson was what its name denotes, that of a season of abundance and rejoicing.

Crowned with the sickle and the wheaten
sheaf,
While autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more
Well pleased I tune.

And we do not remember at the present moment either in Wordsworth, Tennyson, or Keats, the meed of even one melodious verse to the sweetest "daughter of the year," which dwells on her pathetic beauty.

For it is not the mere beauty of feature which characterizes September, great as that is, on which we are about to dwell: in this it is surpassed by other months. It is the expression which is worn by this one—all that it suggests, all the spell which it seems to lay upon us—which we hope to be able to describe, so that some few readers, as we have said, may recognize the likeness. We are presupposing, of course, that we have a seasonable September, the mild, warm, sunny month which it is four years out of five, and neither parched by drought nor yet drenched with constant rain; September, in fact, in her normal and natural condition. Then let the sky be perfectly blue, the air perfectly hushed, and the whole landscape bathed in a flood of pensive sunshine, and "on such a day" the mind becomes conscious of a mixture of melancholy and sweetness which is wholly peculiar to this season. The sweetness of September is, indeed, one of its most prominent attributes. No month in the

year seems literally to smile upon one like September. It is so gentle, so soft, so mellow.

It seems to look at one out of mild hazel eyes with an almost human love and tenderness, and an equable serenity which gives assurance of unchanged affection. And this it is which leads us by degrees to become conscious of the melancholy of September. The contrast between the sense of repose, tranquillity, and permanence which is inspired by her aspect, and the sense of the approaching termination of all summer weather which we feel at the same time, naturally gives rise to this sentiment. We feel in gazing on September what we might feel in looking upon a beautiful and sweet-tempered woman, in perfect health and strength, whom we knew had but a short time to live. It is, however, difficult to separate the elements which constitute the sweetness from those which constitute the melancholy of this beautiful season. The profound brooding stillness of a September day, when you may even hear the beetles dropping from the bean-shocks in the adjoining field, must have struck many of our readers, and one can barely say whether it contributes more to the sadness or the joy with which we are inspired at such moments.

Hark how the sacred calm which breathes
around

Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the
ground

A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

How frequently have we experienced the exact sensations here described by Gray, on a soft hazy September afternoon, when, if the harvest is completed, there is often not a sound to be heard, while the soft warm glow of all around prevents the silence from being gloomy. That is a time at which to lie on the grass and "dream and dream;" when, without the help of any stimulant, you may kiss the lips you once have kissed, and recall your college friendship from the grave; gliding by degrees into a kind of dreamy feeling, which you care not to analyze too closely, that this ineffable peace of nature, which passes all description, may be a type, perhaps, of that peace of God which passes all understanding.

It is curious that September should be the one month in which we feel the strongest assurance of settled calm; have more reason to believe that to-morrow will be like to-day than at any other season of the

year; and yet that it should be the last month of summer with which all the really green, warm, pleasant days practically depart. The poetry of decay is brought before us in October and November, but not in the month we are speaking of. In three seasons out of four September is green to the last, or sufficiently so to prevent one from noting much change. And it is this contrast, no doubt, a contrast we have already spoken of, which constitutes one of its chief charms: the deep stillness before the equinoctial tempest. But the same contrast may be regarded from another point of view. If there is one idea more than another which the aspect of September awakes in us, it is one of mellowness and maturity. It seems to speak of the strength and fulness of ripe and sunny middle age, the warmth of youth without its fever, the sobriety of age without its frost. The ideas of plenty and abundance, moreover, with which we associate this month come in to corroborate the impression which its outward aspect is calculated to produce; and a momentary fancy will sometimes flit across the mind that September cannot really be passing away, or that its life will be prolonged like Hezekiah's. It seems so difficult to suppose that the warm, genial, yet calm withal and tranquil weather, so redolent of life, health, and permanence, is so soon to leave us. But then come up the words of George Herbert, "But thou must die,"—and with thee all the lasting beauty of our brief English summer. October has its fine days, but the days are short and the nights are cold. It is as much an indoor month as an outdoor month. With September come to an end all the *molles sub arbore somni* in the happy afternoons, the moonlight stroll in the shrubbery, or the lounge by the garden gate, with perhaps some fair companion whom the softness of the scene makes doubly soft herself. After September these become pleasures of the past; and though of course they are as appropriate to any other summer month as they are to September, yet September is the month in which people in the country see more of each other than they do in June and July, and when, consequently, there are more opportunities for the poetry of moonlight flirtation.

And this leads us away to some lighter considerations than those which we have hitherto indulged in. Hitherto we have been trying to depict, however feebly, what may be called the moral beauty of this season of the year. We have dwelt on the particular emotions which the

aspect of nature at such a time awakens in us; on the contrast between the sensations of sweetness and of sadness, of repose and of transitoriness, of maturity and of decay, which it suggests to us. But there is an artificial and social poetry also about the month of September at which we have just glanced in the last paragraph, and of which a little more has still to be said. September, in fact, has, owing to a gradual change of habits, appropriated to itself many of the associations which formerly belonged to May, and which are still assigned to her in the conventional language of poetry. But in the last quarter of the nineteenth century September is the lover's month. We are now, of course, speaking only of rural love-making. One month is the same as another in the life of cities, but in country life, and especially in the life of country houses, September bears away the palm. Whether any change has really taken place in our English season since the days of Milton, Dryden, and Addison, we cannot say, but the laureate contends that "those old Mays had thrice the life of ours;" and most certain it is that Dryden's well-known description of that month, if applied to any May we have had for the last twenty years, would seem simply ridiculous. We mean the lines beginning,—

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv-
eries wear,
If not the first, the fairest, of the year.

Winter in the lap of May is now the rule and not the exception, and "society" does well, in our opinion, to spend it in the capital. Fashion, it may be, after all, has been only unconsciously adapting herself to nature and following in the footsteps of the seasons. When May was a warm and melting month, when the "groves" were full of leaf overhead, and when every bank was "a bed of flowers" on which a lady might throw herself without any fear of the rheumatism, the upper ten thousand did right to end their season in April. There has been, however, a change of dynasty since those days. May is no longer the queen of love and beauty, and the crown is for the present in commission. But the period of the year which now corresponds more closely than any other to what May was formerly is certainly to be found in the latter end of August and September. Then are croquet and archery in all their glory. Then it is that we get our only spell of settled fine weather; the woods are dry, the nights

are warm, and long rides and walks furnishing innumerable opportunities for courtship under the most favorable circumstances are of daily occurrence. Then again there is that old-fashioned amusement of nutting, so admirably described in "Tom Brown," and which contains a world of poetry in itself. What a vision of glades and dingles, and steep woodland paths, and high mossy banks, and cool dank depths of impenetrable shade, it conjures up before us. What a sense of seclusion, of complete isolation from the world, of security and irresponsibility creeps over us in the centre of a thick wood, surrounded on all sides by the tall hazel bushes whose tangled branches form an arch over our heads, through which we just discern the great spreading limbs of the oak and the beech up above! Then if you, and the lady of the hour, can only lose your way and wander into some deep leafy hollow, where a half-seen brooklet just trickles over the pebbles, and where no other sound is heard but the flight of the ring-dove, or its soft appealing note from the neighboring elm, you will own the dangerous fascination, the melting influence of the season, nor would give a fig for all your merry months of May. Then the ground would be wet and the trees bare, and very probably an east wind lying in wait for you round the corner. Now all is soft and warm and sheltered. A thick leafy girdle shuts you in; here and there, through the openings, gleam the mossy trunks of ancient trees and gnarled old thorns and hollies; while beyond again all is green darkness—the very home of the fauns and the nymphs, and of the god Silvanus. And is not this a scene more fitting for the whispers of love, for the arm stealing softly round the waist, for the lips at last venturing to the glowing half-expectant cheek, than all the village greens or May-bespangled meads in the world? Our friend Thomson understood this feature of September at all events:—

The clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade;
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair,
Melinda formed with every grace complete.

Of course! But seriously, the poetry of nutting is a large part of that second form of the poetry of September with which we are now engaged. At such a moment your wish is assuredly for what Dryden has painted better than Virgil, for the simple reason that Virgil never painted it at all,—

A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley and a lofty wood.

Then, if ever, you experience that absolute indifference to affairs which Virgil *has* painted:

*Illum non populi fascies, non purpura regum
Flexit et infidos agitans discordia fratres,
Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Istro:
Non res Romanæ, perituraque regna.*

Let them rave! the peace of September is upon you. Melinda sits beside you, with every grace complete. What can the raw half-clad, chilly month of May, with all her frost-bitten flowers, give you in exchange for this?

We were wrong, perhaps, in saying that in the depth of that cool green wood you would hear no sound but the loving coo or the noisy pinion of the wood-pigeon. You may hear at intervals the distant gun of the partridge-shooter; and little as such a sport may seem at first sight to have to do with "the soul-subduing sentiment harshly styled flirtation,"* the reader of Whyte Melville's charming novel "All Down Hill" will know better, if he has not known it at first hand. In partridge-shooting there is such a thing as luncheon, which it needs little feminine dexterity to convert into a picnic of an exceptionally free and easy character. What more natural than for the daughters of the house to bring out their papa's luncheon in the pony carriage, who meets them with his two young friends in such and such a lane, or under such and such a big hedge? Paterfamilias himself is not unlikely to go to sleep when he has finished his share of pigeon-pie and smoked his allotted pipe. But whether he does or not, he will certainly not get up to help the young ladies gather blackberries; and as that is one of the fruits of the earth of which they happen at this moment to be particularly fond, and as it grows too high on these hedges to be reached without assistance, they pair off easily and naturally in quest of this delicacy; coming back—strange to say—with neither lips nor fingers showing any trace of the coveted refreshment, though what other fruit may have been tasted in the mean time it would perhaps be impertinent to inquire. Oh, yes! partridge-shooting—the sport *par excellence* of September—has a great deal of poetry in it. It is answerable for numerous love-affairs of all kinds—serious or trifling, innocent or otherwise. And while we are on the poetry of September we must never

forget that it is of all months in the year the month of honeymoons. We might expatiate on this topic to any extent: on the raptures which September has beheld by lake or mountain, by the blue sea, or in the green retreats of some patrician home. There is some evidence in the context to show that it may have been September when the Lady of Shalott began to grow sick of shadows. The long fields of barley, the reapers reaping early, the sheaves through which Sir Lancelot rode, all point to this conclusion;

Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
I am half sick of shadow, said
The Lady of Shalott.

It must have been so. Hence, vain, deluding May! We will none of thee. If the Italian Venus loves best the "ivory moonlight of April," our English goddess is clearly most gracious in September.

If the transition from grave to gay in the above pages has been somewhat of the suddenest, I can only say that it reflects to some extent the character of the month I have been describing. The still, deep, eloquent calm of a September day speaking to us in a language which cannot be written down—at once so sweet, so soft, and so sad—may be exchanged in a moment for all the jocund activity of a harvest field, the rough pleasantries of the mowers, and the merry tones of girls and children. Thus there are two aspects of September which present themselves to us alternately, contrasting very strongly with each other, and not shaded off by any very gentle gradations. From one point of view September is merrier than May, from another it is sadder than December. Nothing can be gayer than the human life of the month, with all the bustle and license of the harvest: nothing more calculated to inspire us with serious emotions than the face of nature. Melancholy and gladness share the month between them; and whichever mood we may be in, September can always sympathize with us.

From The Saturday Review.
QUIET PEOPLE.

THE misgovernment of the world is carried on with such an amount of talk that one has seldom time to think how little would suffice. Half-a-dozen well-chosen words would generally be better than whole conferences and debates. But,

* Coningsby.

since people must speak first and choose their words afterwards, everybody's time is taken up in saying that something was said, in saying that something quite different was meant, and in saying something fresh, which has to be explained in its turn. It naturally results that both wise and foolish people have broken much silence in praising it; and that, like abstract virtue, it is admired but seldom practised. It is in vain to point out that the silent fool often passes for a man of wit, because the fool who has wit enough to know this and act accordingly is not properly a fool. Were he a fool he would not keep silence. The negroes attribute this wisdom to the chimpanzee, who, they say, is a man, but will not speak lest he should be made to work. Silent people get through the world as well as their talkative neighbors; every one talks for them; their nod is interpreted where another man would have to make a speech; and every one is willing to excuse them, as the sailor excused his parrot, for, if they do not speak, they think the more. Foote the actor boasted of his horse that it could stand still faster than some horses could trot; and the silent man is often enabled, by the value attached to his rare utterances, to say more by his silence than a voluble talker by a string of phrases. No doubt there is a kind of silence which is the reverse of talk, and is in itself eloquent. A prisoner who reserves his defence, a witness who refuses to answer a question, a man who holds his tongue when his character is assailed—in short, all the cases in which "silence gives consent" are rather silence as the negation of speech than as a positive quantity. The old apophthegm of the Silent Club is not in point either. When the secretary presented the rejected candidate with a glass of water so full that it would not hold another drop, he went to great trouble to do in a roundabout way what he might have done in a moment by saying one word, and so have avoided the retort. The candidate, when he laid the rose-leaf on the water, answered in the language employed by the secretary; but it was a language, and not silence. It is quite easy to imagine loquacity in a deaf mute. He may not have power to utter a sound, yet, in the strict sense, he is not perhaps a silent person. And silence kept on purpose to express, by its very existence, an emotion of the mind, is only a substitution of signs for speech. Such is the reticence displayed by the well-known epitaph on a tombstone in Fulham churchyard, where,

after the name, age, and date of death of the lady buried below, three words only are added by way of epitaph—"Silence is best." The estimation of the deceased by her surviving relations could not be more fully expressed had the whole stone been covered. When a character is to be given to a drunken or dishonest servant, the omission of the words honest and sober is sufficient. But this is not the silence of quiet people. Too often they resemble rather the chimpanzee than the parrot, and are not talkative because talk may involve them in further exertion. But it is not easy to pry into their motives of action, or rather of inaction. The Ulster folk have a proverb, "Nobody can tell what is in the pot when the lid is on." It is not the most unselfish people who talk least about themselves. To some the facts which relate to their personal history are too serious for words. When Queen Elizabeth visited Westminster School, it is said that the future Lord Burleigh, in answer to her question as to the number of his floggings, replied in the words of Æneas:—

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem. "

Unspeaking are the emotions of silent people; a sense of personal dignity or shame keeps them quiet; but to most of them is vouchsafed a single confidential friend, into whose ear all the pent-up feelings are poured from time to time.

This is especially the case with quiet girls. What they say in their moments of confidence we cannot pretend to know. Whether they are really quiet or only shy is equally beyond the superficial observer. That they are not found to impede the pleasant flow of soul in ordinary society is often because they are eminently good listeners, and do not yawn at the utmost commonplaces. That another should commit himself to speech, with or without anything to say, is enough to interest them. They are thought sympathetic, and often draw forth the tale of woe long hidden. Men begin by telling them of other loves, and often end by loving them for themselves. In this they have a great advantage over the more gushing sister. They take no notice of a foolish speech, and a man imagines he is safe in their hands. He can say things to them which, said to any one else, might have serious consequences. A quiet cousin is thus often a great blessing to a man. He can talk a matter out as if with himself, and imagine afterwards that he has had counsel upon it. The quiet girl hears him with

outward sympathy, agrees with all his views, and, when asked to help him to a decision, gives her casting vote in favor of the course he already prefers. He finds after a time that her quiet receptiveness is grateful to him; and, when she has seen him safe through an engagement or two, and half-a-dozen flirtations more or less serious, he suddenly finds out, or at least tells her, that he has really been in love with her only all the time. Sometimes this happy result is brought about by scheming, and it is the great drawback of quietness that duplicity is so often attributed to it. The quiet girl of the family regulates the autumn tour; she silently directs its goings to the place where her bosom friend, male or female, is to be met with, and she will bury her sisters in a northern moor or bake them at Brighton with equal and unruffled composure. True, she never asks to go anywhere in particular; but at odd intervals she hazards a remark which suggests the place, and now and then reads out a paragraph from a letter or a newspaper in which its advantages are set forth. What she does say is listened to by the family, for she is always sure of an audience for her rare utterances, and gets a reputation for good sense which she does not always deserve. She is never in scrapes, or, if she is, keeps them to herself. Her allowance is never overdrawn, or, if it is, no one hears her grumble that she cannot make ends meet.

There seems to be a method in her doings to which people instinctively yield, and she gets her own way, not so much because she tries to get it, as because nobody thinks of opposing her. Like the flies whose feet are provided with soft pads, so that you do not feel them when they alight on you, her influence works unnoticed, and everything seems ordered for her rather than by her. She almost monopolizes the attentions of the lady's-maid she is supposed to share with her sisters, and can always manage a cup of tea in her room or breakfast in bed. She can flirt, on occasion, in a way no frivolous girl dares to attempt, but she never writes a compromising letter, and has a most convenient want of memory. She accepts presents which her sisters would have to refuse, and keeps them laid by in cotton wool to look at during the hour she is doing her back hair and saying her prayers. She retires gracefully in favor of the other girls, as if willing to let them shine, and gets her reward in the approbation of the old people of the party. Quiet men find

her agreeable, and wonder why she is said to be silent, but this is chiefly because she does not bore them by insisting on answers to her questions. When she develops into a wife, for she always marries at least once, she gets her own way in everything. Her husband probably chose her because he thought it would turn out differently, and finds when too late that he could not possibly have made a more complete mistake. Children are always fond of her; sons respect, if they do not greatly love, quiet mothers, for they have never heard them talk nonsense. Servants never give them short answers, as their words are few and decisive, and the poor people think them dignified and mines of hidden wisdom. In fact, they go through the world under a kind of false pretense; they get credit for great depth of feeling, and it is for some reason thought well worth while to win their love. Only the experienced man estimates them at their right value, and admires the merry little sister with the sharp tongue, the pleasant smile, and, as he knows well, a warmer heart and truer character than underlie the staid demeanor of the quiet girl.

Quietness is sometimes a sign of bodily health. The nervous man who is always stirring is seldom strong. But when a man is thoroughly wrapped up in himself and his own importance, perfectly satisfied with his position and prospects, the cut of his clothes, the length of his whiskers, the attenuation of his umbrella, and the lustre of his hat, the chances are that he is very quiet. Such men are habitually well dressed; but as they get on in life they cling to old fashions. They are not considerate for others, yet they give very little trouble. They exact the utmost service, but make no fuss about it. They are painfully regular and punctual, but never seem put out by other people's want of order. They are bores at a dinner party, wet blankets at a picnic, mere sticks at a ball; but excellent as officers, admirable parsons, and much sought after by match-making mothers. It is they who carry off the heiresses; who always save money; who are never in debt or difficulty, as other men are; who are regular in their devotions, and invaluable on committees, where they always get their own way without trouble or fuss. They habitually wait till every one else has spoken, and then make the single remark which concludes the matter, and which seems as if it had risen to the surface, like cream, of itself.